

BEAUTIES
OF
EMINENT WRITERS,
SELECTED AND ARRANGED *1 A a*
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH
IN THE PROPER
READING AND RECITING
OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

CALCULATED ALSO

To instil into the Mind the Principles of Wisdom and Virtue, and
to give it an early Taste for the Acquisition of Useful Knowledge.
To which is added, a concise System of English Grammar, with
Exercises in Orthography.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SOLD SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE CLASSES.

THIRD EDITION.

BY //

WILLIAM SCOTT, *K*

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INTRODUCTION:

CONTAINING

A FEW GENERAL RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN READING
AND SPEAKING,

WITH CONCISE EXERCISES IN EACH.

R U L E I.

PRONOUNCE the words audibly and distinctly; giving the letters in each word their proper sounds, and placing the accent on the proper syllable and letter *.

EXERCISES.

I. AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE SOUNDS OF THE
VOWELS.

Key to the Sounds.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Lad lade met mete fin fine hop hope cub cube

11 12 13 14 15 16 17
far call full join rout million quart †.

No. 1. Bad am stab map hat tax sack hand thank cash
match banner amaranth comparative umbrella.

No. 2. Made blame shape state brave take pale came
place labour combination haste change bathe paid frail
claim day way stray vein reign eight they whey prey.

* The exercises annexed to this rule will tend to give foreigners and provincials (particularly North Britons) the proper sounding of the vowels, which is the principal difficulty in English pronunciation. They may also be read with advantage by youth in general.

† In these words the various sounds of the vowels are heard. Being perfectly acquired by the pupil, the sounds are to be applied, in the succeeding classes of words, as the numbers direct.

A

No.

No. 3. Set beg step well mend fetch hence pledge sense
guest twelve better emblem element ebon delicate in-
genious sedentary bread stead meant breast.

No. 4. Theme eve here he she we ingenious cathedral
feet need steel mean dream fear chief field grieve.

No. 5. Sin bid will gift print which nymph lynx prince
rinse bridge singe sinner cinnamon visibility mystery.

No. 6. Mine ride smile pipe like gybe fight sign mild
mind pilot fire size eye try thy thy violent variety so-
ciety hyacinth supply defy specify specifies specified.

No. 7. Crop fond cloth song thong lock morn gorge
solve form horse sorry costly constant competence.

No. 8. Mope globe home cone smote vocal memorial
go so lo quarto virtuoso bold sold jolt colt roam throat
coal doe sloe foe blow grown suppose overthrow.

No. 9. Drub mug nut dull drunk blush such trust blurt
church dunce judge purse plunge curve furze supper
substance her verb search earnest stir first worth
worm favour glorious unjust unequal surgeon.

No. 10. Tube mule fume tune cure lute refuse conduce
evolution confusion feud deuce few new pew review
hue due blue unanimous universal enthusiasm.

No. 11. Star hard marl charm scarf sharp dark part
calf half calve halve balm calm path bath can't shan't
large carve parse farce partial barbarous demand.

No. 12. Halt scald chalk halt watch wash thwart war
warn swarm swan wand fraud cause taught vaunt
saute law saw sawn lawn scrawl inthrall almighty.

No. 13. Pull bull bully pulley hopeful mindful fool
school room moon good hood stood wood wool.

No. 14. Loin join void oil boil coil spoil joint anoint
noise choice rejoice boy cloy employ enjoy destroy.

No. 15. Stout noun loud foul ounce rouse mouth round
bound vouch vow allow clown town down crowd.

No.

No. 16. Billion filial brilliant convenient dominion pion
nion rebellious harmonious cordial guardian meridian
immediate obedient question celestial subterraneous
mediterranean righteous bounteous hideous.

No. 17. Quell quit quack equity pasquinade linguist
languish extinguish languid assuage persuade.

II. ANOTHER EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE SOUNDS OF THE
VOWELS, CONSISTING OF WORDS, IN THE PRONOUN-
CING OF WHICH THE NATIVES OF NORTH BRITAIN
ARE PARTICULARLY LIABLE TO ERR.

No. 1. An man have wax swam matter manner valiant
vanity value statue patent talent family palace majesty
famine gradual cabal canal cavern tavern establish nat-
ural alum saddle passion action imagine companion
Spanish Adam Athens Samuel Daniel Africa America.

No. 2. Prate parent matron fatal acorn ancient amen
baby cradle wary cambric Cambridge David Saturn
ere e'er ne'er bear wear swear pear forbear neighbour.

No. 3. Bless jest slept wept edge preface method second
pebble pedant echo ever never every several sincerity ne-
cessary evident elegant epitaph deaf realm head thread
instead dead death cleanse cleanly endeavour weapon
jealous zealous measure pleasure treasure peasant plea-
sant pheasant cheerful friend level barrel sudden.

No. 4. Glebe scheme sphere scene serious previous te-
dious female fever hero period precept secret superi-
our inferiour reprieve retrieve either neither theatre.

No. 5. Dinner image privy privily privity tribute tri-
bune sublimity conspiracy conspirator visible ability
religion official proficience suspicion ambitious division
provision tyranny tyrannise tyrannous envy April.

No. 6. Library trifle idea idolatry itinerant licentious
criterion vibration gigantic horizon stipend twilight
finite decisive exercise paradise disciple appetite genii
radii height satiety sky tyrant tyrannical type multiply
edify magnify hyphen Michael Anchises Elijah Elisha.

- No. 7. Long throng strong gone lord god lodge born
 proverb providence prophet novice common modest
 moral progress profit jocund solemn closet olive
 foreign forty body topic logic extol homage Ovid
 Horace Trojan broad ought thought fought knowledge.
- No. 8. Whole forth force gross sloth more most only
 dome poet poem holy holiness glory towards Job
 echo motto octavo door floor toast coast coat road
 cloak mourn mould moulder shoulder poultry bowl.
- No. 9. Sup sum plum upon supple sublime suburb un-
 able undone under were stern nerve observe verse per-
 son servant learn heard search early Sir third bird cir-
 cle doth doth does word world work wonder among
 comrade compass comfort constable nothing govern
 none above courteous southern southerly utmost valour
 grievous heinous stupendous mountainous.
- No. 10. Plume unanimity accusative constitution reso-
 lution usual mutual actual habitual perpetual juice.
- No. 11. Card guard are arm army parson harbour charge
 large regard farther farthing father Charles master
 ah ha command gape jaunt flaunt papa mamma.
- No. 12. What want all already reward alderman because
 author authority audience austere audacious audacity.
- No. 13. Grateful merciful bountiful bullion bullock
 bulwark bullet pullet pulpit bush push put puffs bushel
 butcher ruthless cushion huzza ambush pudding true
 truth rule rude fruit who whom whose lose loose
 move prove pour tour wound through accoutre.
- No. 14. Voice moist joist anoint avoid recoil cloy annoy.
- No. 15. Thou bough couch our out about without de-
 vout drought down town how now enow endow.
- No. 16. Peculiar familiar auxiliar menial congenial ge-
 nius extraneous grandeur beauteous piteous cameleon.
- No. 17. Language languor anguish distinguish banquet
 conquest marquis equipage messuage.

III. WORDS IN WHICH NORTH-BRITONS ARE APT TO ERR IN SOUNDING SOME OF THE CONSONANTS.

C like sharp S.—Twice thrice entice rejoice attendance
occurrence December Nancy Scythia Scipio.

G founded.—Mingle single wrangle anger finger hunger
younger youngest longer longest stronger strongest.

P sharp.—Cupid Captain captive baptism September.

S sharp.—Crisis us base cease lease transact transit trans-
ition dissemble amusive persuasive curiosity gene-
rosity philosopher precise concise dose verbose jo-
cose morose profuse recluse abstruse obtuse design
persist emphasis Mars Asia Persia Dionysius.

S flat.—As houses noise casement crimson damsel palsy
disable disarm disaster dismay dismiss disgrace.

T founded.—Act fact suspect construct tempt exempt
contempt precept.

X sharp.—Excite excel luxury.

Ch like k.—Chasm monarch anarchy architect Bacchus.

Th flat.—Thence though thither beneath underneath
laths paths oaths mouths with within without.

IV. WORDS IN WHICH THEY USUALLY MISPLACE THE ACCENT.

SUBSTANTIVES.—Ex'cellency rema'inder success' proverb
pre'cedent prin'cess gazette levee commit tee ref'-
erence preference excess' sub'altern interrog'atory
div'idend ad'miralty commonalty casualty sove-
reignty advertisement mat'tress in'dustry dispute
pursu'it inquiry access' event' novel res'pite mis-
chief al'abaster ally' horizon nom'inative suppo'rt
anecdote arith'metic asy'lum bar'rier ap'erture u'-
tensil manki'nd men'ace difficulty contest incre'ase
disci'ple es'fort artifi'cer ped'estal mas'sacre balco'ny
a'rchitecture ag'riculture republic adept' es'cort lu'-

natic complaisance esquire pa'tron levi'athan caprice Caper'naum July' Deb'orah Al'exander.

ADJECTIVES — Big'oted blasphemous corrupt' in'terested in'teresting com'parable cor'rigible irrep'arable irrev'ocable el'igible intell'igible es'timable inev'itable com'fortable lam'entable compar'ative unprec'eden'ted rep'utable defec'tive respec'tive derog'ative derog'atory ad'mirable a'lienable elect' select' sin'ister ad'verse pref'erable inex'orable pol'itic splen'etic pervers'e diff'icult mis'chievous complaisant' consum'mate ag'ile doc'ile sono'rous sol'emn adequate lu'dicrous en'terprising Ar'abic.

VERBS. — To sen'tence, to si'lence, to in'fluence, to rev'erence, to expe'rience, to cou'ntenance, to rec'om-pense, to rec'oncile, to resp'ite, to can'vass, to com-pass, to tres'pass, to har'ass, to embar'ass, to car'ol, to trav'erse, to a'lienate, to crit'icise, to hu'manize, to civilize, to ag'grandize, to sac'rifice, to prac'tise, to advert'ise, to consum'mate, to metamor'phose, to in'terest, to sol'ace, to per'jure, to in'jure, to ran'sack, to gov'ern, to com'fort, to contrib'ute, to distrib'ute, to con'strue, to bi'as, to en'vy, to man'i-fest, to li'cense, to can'cel.

R U L E II.

KEEP the voice within its natural compass; pause at the proper places; and proportion the pauses justly.

EXERCISES.

1. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. *Addison.*
2. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. *Addison.*
3. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge. *Sterne.*
4. The

INTRODUCTION.

4. The first ingredient in conversation is truth ; the next, good sense ; the third, good humour ; the last, wit.

Art of Thinking.

5. So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates ; and we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they appear the most reasonable.

Rochefoucault.

6. Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

Rochefoucault.

7. My young readers must excuse me for calling upon them to acquire, while their minds may be impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge ; to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year ; and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended as preparatives for autumnal fruits.

Johnson.

8. He that would pass the latter part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old ; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young : in youth, he must lay up knowledge for his support, when his power of acting shall forsake him ; and, in age, forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

Johnson.

9. Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

Addison.

10. In most things, the manner is as important as the matter. If you speak the sense of an angel, in bad words, and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice who can help it. If you write epistles as well as

Cicero

Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and very ill spelled, whoever receives, will laugh at them : and if you had the figure of an Adonis, with an awkward air and ungraceful motions, it will disgust instead of pleasing.

Chesterfield.

11. Men are much oftner led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses : please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it be pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit which possibly he has not ; as, on the other hand, if it be ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem ; for, if a man have parts, he must know of how much consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address : he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost.

Chesterfield.

12. Nothing, says Longinus, can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness of mind ; because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contempt these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them.

Spectator.

13. Complaisance is an honest condescension, by which we bend our wills to render them conformable to those of others. I say an honest condescension ; for basely to give way to the will of another in criminal instances, is to be an accomplice in his vices, rather than complaisant.

Manners.

14. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer with patience what we cannot alter ; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked-out to us : for it is not enough to follow ; and he is but a bad soldier who fights and marches on with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit

spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to flink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part.

Bolingbroke.

15. As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights; which are succeeded by the more enlarged and gay portraiture of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth. *Guardian.*

R U L E III.

DISTINGUISH the most important words by due degrees of emphasis or force.

EXERCISES.

1. Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it.

Art of Thinking.

2. To be angry is to punish myself for the fault of another.

Swift.

3. Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

Bacon.

4. Indigence and obscurity are the parents of industry and oeconomy; these, of riches and honour; these, of pride and luxury; these, of sensuality and idleness; and these, of indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

Goldsmith.

5. Alexander demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas. By the same right (replied he boldly), that you enslave the world: but I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and you are stiled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies.

Cicero.

6. IF

6. If you wish to please in conversation, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own ; but always with a design to divert or inform the company. *Guardian.*

7. We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say ? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. *Guardian.*

8. A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence. *Guardian.*

9. Nothing is more insupportable to men of sense than an empty formal man, who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom. *Guardian.*

10. Raillery is no longer agreeable, than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied. *Guardian.*

11. Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure ; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph. *Rule of Life.*

12. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong ; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. *Swift.*

13. Personal deformities are not objects of ridicule. The Dutchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing an officer at supper, who was extremely ugly, was very loud in the ridicule of his person, " Madam," said Louis XIV. to her, " I think him one of the handsomest men in my dominions ; for he is one of the bravest." *Voltaire.*

14. The next thing to the choice of your friends, is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise as much as you sink with people below you ; for you

you are whatever the company you keep are. Do not mistake when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: what I mean is with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

Chesterfield.

15. To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is a-kin to the practice and temper of devils: but to prevent and suppress rising resentment, is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

Watts.

16. We are here, says Epictetus, as in a theatre; where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part to perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in, is to excel in the part that is given us.

Addison.

17. Great part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by the time they are five-and-twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wear off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of their species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that, for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars at threescore. I must, therefore, earnestly press all those who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provision for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty; or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Addison.

18. False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once the difficulty

of

of excellence, and the force of industry : and remember that fame is not conferred, but as the recompense of labour ; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Johnson.

R U L E IV.

LET the movements, tones, and variations of the voice be natural, pleasing, and animated.

EXERCISES.

1. Virtue is to be considered, not in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

Connoisseur.

2. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the choice of his words.

Rocheffoucault.

3. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured : it will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction ; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Tatler.

4. It is insolent, as well as unnatural, to ridicule the venerable decays of human nature. He that acts in this manner, does but expose his own future condition, and laugh at himself beforehand.

Spectator.

5. Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour, conferred upon such as have no personal merit to deserve them, are, at best, but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Tatler.

6. When Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, Not to be credited even when he shall tell the truth.

Adventurer.

7. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph ; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

Sterne.

8. It

8. It costs men more to be miserable, than it would do to make them perfectly happy. How cheap and easy is the service of virtue ! and how dear do we pay for our vices !
Fuller.

9. A conceited gnat, fully persuaded of his own importance, having placed himself on the horn of a bull, expressed great uneasiness lest his weight should be inconvenient, and with much ceremony begged the bull's pardon for the liberty he had taken ; assuring him that he would immediately remove if he pressed too hard upon him. Give yourself no uneasiness on that account, replied the bull, I beseech you ; for, as I never perceived when you sat down, I shall probably not miss you whenever you think fit to rise up.
Esep.

10. Periwigs being first used to cover baldness, a certain cavalier had one for that purpose, which passed for his own hair. Riding one day in company, a sudden puff of wind blew off his hat and wig, and discovered his bald pate ; which provoked a loud laugh. He fell a laughing with the rest ; and said merrily, How could I expect to keep other people's hair, when I could not keep my own ?
Esep.

11. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion ; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord.
Addison.

12. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distressed of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.
Blair.

13. The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals which would destroy us, which injure our properties, or annoy our persons ; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top ; whose lives cannot injure us, or deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason ; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it. *Jenyns.*

14. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works ; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. *Addison.*

15. I must desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired, and to endeavour to make themselves objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. *Addison.*

16. In order to render yourself amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour which springs not so much from studied politeness as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent ; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural, and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Gregory.*

17. The

17. The soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use, therefore, of the passions, is to stir it up and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecutions of his designs. *Addison.*

18. How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great-Britain who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet, that the sun is many thousand times bigger than the earth, and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy it as a brute: but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it. *Spectator.*

P A R T I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

SECTION I.

FABLES, STORIES, AND FAMILIAR ESSAYS.

I. THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A BOY, greatly smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower, with indefatigable pains. First he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy; now hoped to secure it, as it rested on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize, perceiving it loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly, continually changing one blossom for another, still eluded his attempts. At length, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching it with violence, crushed it all to pieces. The dying insect, seeing the poor boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with all the calmness of a Stoic, in the following manner.—Behold now the end of thy unprofitable solicitude! and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that all pleasure is but a painted butterfly; which, although it may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp.

Dodsley.

II. THE

II. THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A WEALTHY old farmer, who had for some time declined in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his sons together to his bedside. My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you as my last injunction, not to part with the farm which has been in our family these hundred years; for, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and with great vigour and alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm; the consequence of which was, that, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers, more acute than the rest, that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, That Industry is itself a treasure.

Dodsley.

III. THE LION AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE tyrant of the forest issued a proclamation, commanding all his subjects to repair immediately to his royal den. Among the rest, the bear made his appearance; but pretending to be offended with the streams which issued from the monarch's apartments, he was imprudent enough to hold his nose in his majesty's presence. This insolence was so highly resented, that the lion in a rage laid him dead at his feet. The monkey, observing what had passed, trembled for his carcase;

and attempted to conciliate favour by the most abject flattery. He began with protesting, that, for his part, he thought the apartments were perfumed with Arabian spices; and, exclaiming against the rudeness of the bear, admired the beauty of his majesty's paws, so happily formed, he said, to correct the insolence of clowns. This fulsome adulation, instead of being received as he expected, proved no less offensive than the rudeness of the bear; and the courtly monkey was, in like manner, extended by the side of Sir Bruin. And now his majesty cast his eye upon the fox. Well, Reynard, said he, and what scent do you discover here? Great prince, replied the cautious fox, my nose was never esteemed my most distinguishing sense; and, at present, I would by no means venture to give my opinion, as I have unfortunately got a terrible cold. *Doddsley.*

IV. THE CLUB OF FAT MEN.

I KNOW a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances; the one by a door of a moderate size, the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately opened for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons.

Addison.

V. THE DUTIFUL SON REWARDED.

FREDERIC, the late king of Prussia, one morning rang the bell of his cabinet; but nobody answering, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him; and coming nearer, observed a paper in his pocket, upon which

which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follow.—“She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent to her; which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it; and if he continued to serve God and his king conscientiously, he could not fail of success in the world.”—Upon reading this, the king slept softly into his closet, fetched some ducats, and put them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang the bell, till the page awoke and came into his closet.—“You have been asleep, I suppose,” said the king. The page could not deny it; stammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the ducats. He immediately pulled them out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes.—“What's the matter with you?” said the king.—“Oh!” replied the page, “somebody has contrived my ruin: I know nothing of this money.”—“God has given it you,” said the king: “send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care of both her and you.”

Adams' Anecdotes.

VI. CARD PLAYING RIDICULED.

MR. LOCKE, having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally be expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time set down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty to ask him what he was writing. “My Lord,” says Locke, “I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation: for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have

have set down the substance of what you have said this hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

Adams' Anecdotes.

VII. FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES.

A CHINESE emperor being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cries his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given, that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold, you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!"—"I promised," replied the emperor with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies: I have fulfilled my word; for, see! they are *enemies* no longer; I have made *friends* of them."

Goldsmith.

VIII. STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE inhabitants of Switzerland continued long under little more than a nominal subjection to the Burgundians and Germans, till about the year 1300, when the emperor Albert treated them with so much rigour, that they petitioned him against the cruelty of his governors. This served only to redouble the hardships of the people; and one of Albert's Austrian governors, Grisser, in the wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole, to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell, being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he clove an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell had the dex-

terity

terity to cleave the apple, without hitting the child. The tyrant, perceiving that he had another arrow stuck in his belt, asked him for what purpose. To which he boldly replied, "To have shot you to the heart, if I had had the misfortune to kill my son." The enraged governor ordered him to be imprisoned. But he soon made his escape; and his fellow-citizens, animated by his fortitude and patriotism, flew to arms, attacked and vanquished Griser, who was shot to death by Tell, and the independency of Switzerland, under a republican form of government, took place immediately. *Guthrie.*

IX. THE GENEROUS COMMANDER.

DURING the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of Ceylon, Thomas de Sufa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian, who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth. The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his adorable nymph, who, with transport, caught him in her arms. Their sighs and their tears were mingled, and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At last, when they had a little recovered, they agreed, that, since their misfortunes had left them no hopes of living together in freedom, they would partake with each other all the horrors of slavery.

Sufa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight.—"It is enough," said he to them, "that you wear the chains of love; you shall not wear those of slavery. Go, and be happy in the lawful embraces of wedlock."

The two lovers fell on their knees. They could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero, and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation, which so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously to soften the calamities of war. *Adams' Anecdotes.*

X. EXCESS

X. EXCESS OF CEREMONY RIDICULED.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod to the low stoop in salutation.—I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings; when a wag of the company was saying it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly, he no sooner came into the room, than casting his eye about,—“My lord Such-a-one,” says he, “your most humble servant—Sir Richard, your humble servant—Your servant, Mr Ironside—Mr Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there?”

Guardian.

XI. AN INCIDENT RELATING TO ALFRED THE GREAT,
KING OF ENGLAND.

ALFRED, reduced to extremity by the Danes, who were spreading devastation all over England, was obliged to relinquish the ensigns of his dignity, to dismiss his servants, and to seek shelter, in the meanest disguise, from the pursuit and fury of his enemies. He concealed himself under a peasant's habit, and lived some time in the house of a neat-herd, who had been entrusted with the care of some of his cows. There passed here an incident, which has been recorded by all the historians, and was long preserved by popular tradition; though it contains nothing memorable in itself, except so far as every circumstance is interesting, which attends so great virtue and dignity, reduced to so much distress. The wife of the neat-herd was ignorant of the condition of her royal guest; and observing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed elsewhere in other domestic affairs. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding her

her cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely; and upbraided him, that he always seemed very well pleased to eat her warm cakes; though he was thus negligent in toasting them. *Hume.*

XII. A STRIKING REPROOF OF FLATTERY.

CANUTE, who was the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, sovereign of Denmark and Norway, as well as of England, could not fail to meet with adulation from his courtiers; a tribute which is liberally paid to the meanest and weakest of princes. Some of his flatterers breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed that every thing was possible for him. Upon which the king, it is said, ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore, while the tide was making; and, as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire, and obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but, when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature, who could say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" and who could level with his nod the most towering piles of human pride and ambition.

Hume.

XIII. AWKWARDNESS IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.

NOTHING can be more ridiculous than the gestures of most of our English speakers. You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening

a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking : the wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading ; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by the jest.

Addison.

XIV. PLATO'S TEMPERATE FEAST.

TIMOTHEUS, an Athenian commander, of the most distinguished reputation, was invited to sup with Plato. The philosopher entertained him with a decent, but frugal repast ; seasoned, however, with such cheerful and instructive conversation, as made the general highly delighted with his reception. When he met Plato, the succeeding day, in the city, he accosted him in a most friendly manner, and thanked him for the peculiar entertainment which he had enjoyed : " For your feast," said he, " was not only grateful while it lasted, but has left a relish which continues to this moment." *Cicero.*

XV. THE GENEROUS LION.

A CERTAIN person inhumanly cast a poor little dog into the den of a lion, in full assurance of seeing him immediately devoured : contrary, however, to his expectation, the noble animal not only spared the victim, but soon honoured him with particular affection. He regarded the dog as an unfortunate fellow-prisoner ; who, on his part, from motives of gratitude, was constantly fawning about his generous lord. They long lived together in uninterrupted peace and friendship : one watched while the other slept. First the lion fed, and then his humble companion. In a word, the magnanimity of the one, and the gratitude of the other, had united them in the closest manner. But a careless servant, forgetting that other creatures required food as well as himself, left the two friends

friends twenty-four hours without victuals. At last, re-collecting his charge, he brought them their usual provision; when the dog eagerly caught at the first morsel. But it was at the expence of his life: for the hungry lion instantly seized his poor companion, and killed him. The perpetration of this horrid deed was instantly succeeded by a severe and painful repentance. The lion's dejection daily increased. He refused his food with heroic obstinacy; and voluntarily famished himself to death.

Count Tefsin's Letters.

XVI. AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was one of the brightest ornaments of queen Elizabeth's court. He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty in the Low Countries, where he had a command in the English forces employed against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, while mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot from the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback, to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought to him; but just as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."—During sixteen days great hopes were entertained of his recovery: but the ball not being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude; and expired on the 17th of October 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age.—He is said to have taken leave of his brother in these terms. "Love my memory; cherish my friends; but above all, govern your will and affections by the will and words of your Creator."

British Biography.

XVII. THE COMPLAISANT GUEST.

NOTHING is so effectual towards raising a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. This consideration is prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale which I shall here abridge for the sake of my reader; after having warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

Shacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eaten nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready for an entertainment. Upon hearing Shacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Shacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable; and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him, if he ever saw whiter bread? Shacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "If I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the Barmecide, "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Shacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistacho-nuts; and, after having called for it, as if it had been really served up, "Here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Shacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it; "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever ate before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner.

ner. This was followed by an invisible desert; no part of which delighted Shacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweatmeat of his own invention. Shacabac, at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide that he had no stomach and that he ate nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the Barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Shacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor. However, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear. But immediately recovering himself, "Sir," said he, "I beg ten thousand pardons; but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest; and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the desert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively one after another; and Shacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.

Guardian.

XVIII. THE VISIONARY PROJECTOR.

MEN of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are

apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn the good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities; and, consequently, very often insinuates men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour. What I have here said may serve as a moral to the following story.

Alnaschar was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner.—“This basket,” says he, “cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred; which, of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there; but still continue my traffic until I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas,

mas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the grand visier's daughter, I will buy her ten black servants, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train and equipage: and when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, "Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise."

When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartments, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint her with a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of

all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces. *Spectator.*

XIX. ACCOUNT OF THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcester-shire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse; which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; is a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young

young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humourfome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in: he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins: he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's

as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous; and (as every rich man has usually some fly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell, that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by art and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims; amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, that does not blow home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry; a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges: but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably
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to his merit, who is not a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess, that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he would conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in the military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually

ly entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which
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he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and who conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Spectator.

XX. THE SPECTATOR'S RIDE WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY TO THE COUNTY ASSIZES.

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the latter interfere with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short,

short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, that he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him about a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgement rashly, that, "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was met before Sir Roger came: but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings

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of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and to keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home, we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, That it was too
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great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him, in my hearing, That his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary, upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

XXI. WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF TROPHONIUS'S CAVE.

AN eminent Italian author, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that, for the benefit of mankind, he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in one of the ancients, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances

cumstances which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; inso-much that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

I was yesterday meditating on this account; and had no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, than I dreamt that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, Pr'ythee, friend; be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest-coloured ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and, throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh, that she was resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came to-

wards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither? they told me all at once, That they were French protestants lately arrived in Great Britain; and that finding themselves of too gay a humour for the country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them, that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the Keldar, as he called it; but I could not observe that I had made any manner of alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face: he tried the experiment; but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no other part hereafter, but a Timon of Athens, or a mute in the Funeral.

I then clapt up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a Quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of Free-thinkers, and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but, knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody
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of their friends, until that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who, at the first sight of my short face, fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this, I interrupted the old lady, and, taking the daughter by the hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my closet, while your mother tells me your case. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me, that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low curtsy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but, as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

Addison.

XXII. GIL BLAS' ADVENTURES AT PENNAFLOR.

I ARRIVED in safety at Pennaflor; and, halting at the gate of an inn that made a tolerable appearance, I had no sooner alighted than the landlord came out, and re-

ceived me with great civility; he untied my portmanteau with his own hands, and, throwing it on his shoulder, conducted me into a room, while one of his servants led my mule into the stable.—This innkeeper, the greatest talker of the Asturias, and as ready to relate his own affairs, without being asked, as to pry into those of another, told me that his name was Andrew Corcuelo; that he had served many years in the army, in quality of a sergeant; and had quitted the service fifteen months ago, to marry a damsel of Castropol, who, though she was a little swarthy, knew very well how to turn the penny. He said a thousand other things, which I could have dispensed with the hearing of; but after having made me his confidant, he thought he had a right to exact the same condescension from me; and, accordingly, he asked me from whence I came, whither I was going, and what I was? I was obliged to answer, article by article, because he accompanied every question with a profound bow, and begged me to excuse his curiosity with such a respectful air, that I could not refuse to satisfy him in every particular. This engaged me in a long conversation with him, and gave me occasion to mention my design, and the reasons I had for disposing of my mule; that I might take the opportunity of a carrier. He approved of my intention, though not in a very succinct manner; for he represented all the troublesome accidents that might befall me on the road, recounted many dismal stories of travellers, and I was afraid would never have done: he concluded at length, however, telling me, that if I had a mind to sell my mule, he was acquainted with a very honest jockey, who would buy her. I assured him he would oblige me in sending for him; upon which, he went in quest of him with great eagerness.

It was not long before he returned with his man, whom he introduced to me as a person of exceeding honesty, and we went into the yard all together. There my mule was produced, and passed and repassed before the jockey, who examined her from head to foot, and did not fail to speak very disadvantageously of her. I own there was not much to be said in her praise: but, however,

however, had it been the pope's mule, he would have found some defects in her. He assured me she had all the faults a mule could have ; and, to convince me of his veracity, appealed to the landlord, who, doubtless, had his reasons for supporting his friend's assertions.—“ Well,” said this dealer, with an air of indifference, “ how much money do you expect for this wretched animal ?”—After the eulogium he had bestowed on her, and the attestation of Signior Corcuélo, whom I believed to be a man of honesty and understanding, I would have given my mule for nothing ; and therefore told him I would rely on his integrity ; bidding him appraise the beast in his own conscience, and I would stand to the valuation. Upon this he assumed the man of honour, and replied, that, in engaging his conscience, I took him on the weak side. In good sooth, that did not seem to be his strong side: for, instead of valuing her at ten or twelve pistoles, as my uncle had done, he fixed the price at three ducats ; which I accepted with as much joy as if I had made an excellent bargain.

After having so advantageously disposed of my mule, the landlord conducted me to a carrier, who was to set out next day for Astorga. When every thing was settled between us, I returned to the inn with Corcuélo ; who, by the way, began to recount the carrier's history : he told me every circumstance of his character in town ; and, in short, was going to stupify me again with his intolerable loquacity, when a man of a pretty good appearance prevented that misfortune, by accosting him with great civility. I left them together, and went on, without suspecting that I had the least concern in their conversation.

When I arrived at the inn, I called for supper ; and, it being a meagre day, was fain to put up with eggs. While they were getting ready, I made up to my landlady, whom I had not seen before. She appeared handsome enough, and withal so sprightly and gay, that I should have concluded (even if her husband had not told me so) that her house was pretty well frequented. When the amlet I had bespoken was ready, I sat down to table
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by myself; but had not swallowed the first morsel when the landlord came in, followed by the man who had stopped him in the street. This cavalier, who wore a long sword and seemed to be about thirty years of age, advanced towards me with an eager air, saying "Mr Student, I am informed that you are that Signior Gil Blas of Santillane, who is the flambeau of philosophy and ornament of Oviedo! Is it possible that you are that mirror of learning, that sublime genius, whose reputation is so great in this country? You know not (continued he, addressing himself to the innkeeper and his wife) you know not what you possess! You have a treasure in your house! Behold, in this young gentleman, the eighth wonder of the world!" Then, turning to me and throwing his arms about my neck, "Forgive," cried he, "my transports! I cannot contain the joy your presence creates!"

I could not answer for some time, because he locked me so close in his arms, that I was almost suffocated for want of breath; and it was not till I had disengaged my head from his embrace, that I replied, Signior Cavalier, I did not think my name was known at Pennasflor."—How! known! (replied he in his former strain) we keep a register of all the celebrated names within twenty leagues of us. You, in particular, are looked upon as a prodigy; and I don't at all doubt that Spain will one day be as proud of you as Greece was of the seven sages." These words were followed by a fresh hug, which I was forced to endure, though at the risk of strangulation. With the little experience I had, I ought not to have been the dupe of his professions and hyperbolical compliments: I ought to have known, by his extravagant flattery, that he was one of those parasites who abound in every town, and who, when a stranger arrives, introduce themselves to him, in order to fill their bellies at his expence. But my youth and vanity made me judge quite otherwise: my admirer appeared to me so much of a gentleman, that I invited him to take a share of my supper. "Ah! with all my soul," cried he, "I am too much obliged to my kind stars, for having thrown me
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in the way of the illustrious Gil Blas, not to enjoy my good fortune as long as I can. I own I have no great appetite," pursued he, "but I will sit down to bear you company, and eat a mouthful, purely out of complaisance."

So saying, my panegyrist took his place right over against me; and, a cover being laid for him, attacked the amlet as voraciously as if he had fasted three whole days. By his complaisant beginning I foresaw that our dish would not last long, and therefore ordered a second; which they dressed with such dispatch, that it was served up just as we—or rather he—had made an end of the first. He proceeded on this with the same vigour, and found means, without losing one stroke of his teeth, to overwhelm me with praises during the whole repast; which made me very well pleased with my sweet self.—He drank in proportion to his eating; sometimes to my health; sometimes to that of my father and mother, whose happiness in having such a son as I he could not enough admire. In the mean time he plied me with wine, and insisted upon my doing him justice, while I toasted health for health; a circumstance, which, together with his intoxicating flattery, put me into such good humour, that seeing our second amlet half devoured, I asked the landlord if he had no fish in the house? Signior Corcuero, who, in all likelihood, had a fellow-feeling with the parasite, replied, "I have a delicate trout, but those who eat it must pay for the fauce: 'tis a bit too dainty for your palate, I doubt."—"What do you call too dainty? (said the sycophant, raising his voice) "you're a wiseacre, indeed! Know that there is nothing in this house too good for Signior Gil Blas de Santillane, who deserves to be entertained like a prince." I was pleased at his laying hold of the landlord's last words, in which he prevented me, and, feeling myself offended, said, with an air of disdain, "produce this trout of your's, Gaffer Corcuero, and give yourself no trouble about the consequence."—This was what the innkeeper wanted: he got it ready, and served it up in a trice. At sight of this new dish, I could perceive the parasite's eyes sparkle

sparkle with joy ; and he renewed that complaisance—I mean for the fish—which he had already shewn for the eggs. At last, however, he was obliged to give out, for fear of accident, being crammed to the very throat. Having, therefore, eaten and drunk his bellyfull, he thought proper to conclude the farce by rising from table, and accosting me in these words :—“ Signior Gil Blas, I am too well satisfied with your good cheer, to leave you without offering you an important advice, which you seem to have great occasion for : henceforth beware of flattery, and be upon your guard against every body you do not know. You may meet with other people inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and perhaps to [push things still farther : but don’t be duped again, nor belief yourself, though they should swear it, the EIGHT WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Adventures of Gil Blas.

SECTION II.

DIDACTIC, OR INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

I. THE NECESSITY OF FORMING VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLES AT AN EARLY AGE.

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in
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the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

Blair.

II. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

WHEN you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that, in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts, without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations;—are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds with the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Blair.

III.

III. IMPORTANCE AND TEMPER OF RELIGION.

IMPRESS your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane fallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superiour understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. *Blair.*

IV. TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE RECOMMENDED.

LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn

them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words; Not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. *Blair.*

V. BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

THE cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall those vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them, in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious

icious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has, in every age, appeared more important to wise men, than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

Blair.

VI. IMPORTANCE OF AN EARLY AND CLOSE APPLICATION TO USEFUL STUDIES.

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some studies and employments which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come, when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and if we are not

provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however, unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasant, and lend a beauty to objects which have none inherent in them: just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge; which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that, among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; while nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the object of a solid and lasting esteem. *See d.*

VII. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THERE is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment,

employment, is slip away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed time is already past. The enterprizing and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse; because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and, when men are in high good-humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a

distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul dis-tempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those, who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength: for, in literature, as in war, each new conquest which he gains, impowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquisitions, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

Seed.

VIII. THE DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

“Evil communication,” says St Paul, “corrupts good manners.”—The assertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication; but above all, the minds of youth will suffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurnished; and ready to receive any impression.

But before we consider the danger of keeping bad company, let us first see the meaning of the phrase.

In the phrase of the world, *good* company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals, are considered; and he, who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company. I should wish you to fix another meaning to the expression; and to consider vice in the same detestable light,

light, in whatever company it is found ; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will, as *bad* company.

The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of those who deserve this appellation.

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of Christianity—who jest upon Scripture—talk blasphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class of bad company are those, who have a tendency to destroy in us the principles of common honesty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gamesters of every denomination ; and the low and infamous characters of every profession.

A third class of bad company, and that which is commonly most dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleasure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Besides these three classes, whom we may call *bad* company, there are others who come under the denomination of *ill-chosen* company : trifling, insipid characters of every kind ; who follow no business—are led by no ideas of improvement—but spend their time in dissipation and folly—whose highest praise is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of these, a serious man would wish his son to keep company.

It may be asked “ What is meant by keeping bad company ? The world abounds with characters of this kind : they meet us in every place ; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid keeping company with such persons.”

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must, as the apostle remarks, “ altogether go out of the world.” By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a casual intercourse with them on occasions of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way ; but having an inclination to consort with them—complying with that inclination—seeking their company, when we might avoid it—enter-
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ing into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occasionally cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others—from the power of custom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, we easily discover from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilized education, or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant and the man of education; the difference is striking. And yet God hath bestowed equal talents on each. The only cause of this difference is, they have been thrown into different scenes of life; and have had intercourse with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves! How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second-hand!

The great power and force of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However seriously disposed we may be; and however shocked at the first approaches of vice; this shocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgusting thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar and of course indifferent to him.

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But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well-disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he hears and what he sees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But alas ! this sensibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule ; the gospel an inconvenient restraint. A few pangs of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasure, and whisper to him that he once had better thoughts : but even these by degrees die away ; and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin ! so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy !

Our own bad inclinations form another argument against bad company. We have so many passions and appetites to govern ; so many bad propensities of different kinds to watch, that, amidst such a variety of enemies within, we ought at least to be on our guard against those without. The breast even of a good man is represented in Scripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a state of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way ; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the Scripture represent this as the case even of a good man, whose passions, it may be imagined, are become in some degree cool and temperate, and who has made some progress in a virtuous course ; what may we suppose to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whose passions and appetites are violent and seducing, and whose mind is in a still less confirmed state ? It is his part surely to keep out of the way of temptation ; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as possible to acquire new strength.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can choose his company with discretion. There

is often in vice a gaiety, an unreserve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at sight to engage the unwary: while virtue, on the other hand, is often modest, reserved, diffident, backward, and easily disconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart; and this awkwardness, however unpleasing, may veil a thousand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be easily either engaged or disgusted at first sight. Form your intimacies with reserve; and, if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you disapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profession of friendship. They whose friendship is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reserved in offering it. Choose your companions, not merely for the sake of a few outward accomplishments—for the idle pleasure of spending an agreeable hour; but mark their disposition to virtue or to vice; and, as much as possible, choose those for your companions, whom you see others respect: always remembering, that, upon the choice of your company, depends, in a great measure, the success of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts. *Gilpin.*

IX. AGAINST LYING.

REALLY know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected, sooner or latter.—If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer at last; for as soon as ever I am detected I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny.—If I lie, or equivocate, for it is the same thing, in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover, at once, my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase,

increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them, always deserves to be, and often will be kicked.—There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes, whatever other people have heard or read of; and has ridden more miles post, in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule.—Remember then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's degree of understanding by his truth. *Chesterfield.*

X. THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do unto us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of

a more amiable ; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits, is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures : but this is not all ; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many, in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature and malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please ; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition ; from a gloomy and melancholic nature ; from ill health, low spirits ; or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency ; is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in ! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

Civility

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be, intentionally, as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter, to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesterfield.

XI. NECESSITY AND ADVANTAGE OF EXERCISE.

THE necessity of action is not only demonstrable from the fabric of the body, but evident from observation of the universal practice of mankind; who, for the preservation of health, in those whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour have invented sports and diversions, which, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, are yet of equal fatigue to those that practise them, and differ from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, only as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful sense of compulsion. The huntsman rises early, pursues his game through all the dangers and obstructions of the chase, swims rivers, and scales precipices, till he returns home no less harassed than the soldier, and has perhaps sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither subject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and disobedience; he has neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils and his conquests, but toils without the hope of mural

or civic garlands, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and companions.

But such is the constitution of man, that labour may be stiled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitations of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped from a sedentary and inactive habit; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and, by frequent exposure, fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it be not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest of observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know, that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that, as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves. The dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

It

It is necessary to that perfection of which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use; that neither health be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health, which must enable it either to give pleasure to its possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with such skill in common exercises or sports as is necessary to make them be practised with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous. Thus the man of learning is often resigned, almost by his own consent, to languor and pain; and while in the prosecution of his studies he suffers the weariness of labour, is subject by his course of life to the maladies of idleness.

I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, for having contrived that every woman of whatsoever condition should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestic labour might be filled up. These arts are the more necessary as the weakness of their sex and the general system of life debar ladies from many employments, which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happiness of the world may be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter that would be produced by so many piercing eyes and vivid understandings, turned loose at once upon mankind, with no other business than to sparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I con-

der myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous snares of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness, her attendant train of passions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, sorrows, and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them, that love has no power but over those whom he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with terrours, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.

It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetic principle, that nature abhors a vacuum, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

Johnson.

XII. PROPER SPHERE OF ACTION FOR WOMEN.

WOMEN famed for their valour, their skill in politics or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club of Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life, than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described

described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence.

Goldsmith.

XIII. THE ART OF ASSISTING BEAUTY.

A CELEBRATED French writer has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South-Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries in Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds

upon

upon an opinion not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, such as the following.

That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only, by the help of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

And that what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is surely a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participations, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless

less are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which appeared in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife.—Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming. *Spectator.*

XIV. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUE AND FALSE POLITENESS.

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty of "preferring one another in honour," respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they no longer considered its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which are so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied

died disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity; is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by his assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and, lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness, respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

Again; the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which

which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors of other men, though the most pernicious; he applauds their follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes their vices, though the most flagrant. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and if possible to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Hurd.

SECTION III.

EXTRACTS FROM BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

I. OF THE HAGUE AND ROTTERDAM.

NOTHING can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals full of boats passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisngly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The Hague is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares
finely

finely built; and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Voor-bout* is, at the same time, the Hyde-Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches.

The appearance of Rotterdam gives one very great pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that I assure you I walked almost over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the streets with more application than ours do our bed-chambers.

The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warchouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle persons that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here are more nicely clean than some of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

Lady M. W. Montague.

II. OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A CERTAIN French author says Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. It does not appear to me to be much bigger than London; and I am apt to think it is not so populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal

deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one.

On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turbant on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbants, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, it is in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar without other ornaments, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railled in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The jeweller's quarter shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderer's is also very glittering; and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio here as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built

built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their attendants.

The climate about Constantinople is delightful in the highest degree. I am now sitting, on the fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm sunshine, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden.

The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asiatic side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature: on the European, stands Constantinople situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem twice as large as it is, though one of the largest cities in the world; showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another with as much beauty, and appearance of symmetry, as any person ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison, but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

Lady M. W. Montague.

III. OF GENEVA.

THE situation of Geneva is, in many respects, as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake in Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste of the inhabitants.

The

The long ridge of mountains called Mount Jura, on the one side, with the Alps, the Glaciers of Savoy, and the snowy head of Mount Blanc, on the other, serve as boundaries to the most charmingly-variegated landscape that ever delighted the eye. With these advantages in point of situation, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters, who are either natives of the place, or have chosen it for their residence; the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevese in general; render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish, in a certain degree, to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there, for the rest of their days, "Forget in sweet oblivion all the cares of life."

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both sexes are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with an idea of his own importance. He perceives that no man in the republic can insult, or even neglect him with impunity.

It is an excellent circumstance in any government, when the most powerful man in the state has something to fear from the most feeble. This is the case here. The meanest citizen of Geneva is possessed of certain rights, which render him an object deserving the attention of the greatest. Besides, a consciousness of this makes him respect himself; a sentiment, which, within proper bounds, has a tendency to render a man respectable to others.

The general character of human nature forbids us to expect that men will always act from motives of public spirit, without an eye to private interest. The best form of government, therefore, is that, in which the interest of individuals is most intimately blended with the public good. This may be more perfectly accomplished in a small republic than in a great monarchy. In the first, men of genius and virtue are discovered and called to offices of trust, by the impartial admiration of their fellow-citizens; in the other, the highest places are disposed of by the caprice of the prince, or of those courtiers, male or female, who are nearest his person, watch the variations of his humour, and know how to seize the smiling moments, and turn them to their own advantage, or that of their dependents. Montesquieu says, that a sense of honour produces the same effects in a monarchy, that public spirit or patriotism does in a republic. It must be remembered, however, that the first, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is generally confined to the nobility and gentry; whereas public spirit is a more universal principle, and spreads through all the members of the commonwealth.

As far as I can judge, a spirit of independency and freedom, tempered by sentiments of decency and the love of order, influence, in a most remarkable manner, the minds of the subjects of this happy republic.

Before I knew them, I had formed an opinion, that the people of this place were fanatical, gloomy-minded, and unsociable, as the Puritans in England, and Presbyterians in Scotland, were, during the civil wars and the reigns of Charles II. and his brother. In this, however, I find I had conceived a very erroneous notion. There is not, I may venture to assert, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva. Should the Pope himself choose this city for a retreat, it would be his own fault if he did not live in as much security as at the Vatican.

The richer class of the citizens have country-houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one half of the year.

year. These houses are all very neat, and some of them are splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other part of the world can boast; I mean the prospect which almost all of them command. The gardens and vineyards of the republic; Geneva, with its lake; innumerable country-seats, castles, and little towns around the lake; the vallies of Savoy, and the loftiest mountains of the Alps; are all within one sweep of the eye.

Those whose fortunes or employments do not permit them to pass the summer in the country, make frequent parties of pleasure upon the lake, and dine and spend the evening at some of the villages in the environs, where they amuse themselves with music and dancing.

Sometimes they form themselves into circles, consisting of forty or fifty persons, and purchase or hire a house and garden near the town, where they assemble every afternoon during the summer, drink coffee, lemonade, and other refreshing liquors, and amuse themselves with cards, conversation, or playing at bowls.

They generally continue these circles, till the dusk of the evening, and the sound of the drum from the ramparts call them to the town; and at that time the gates are shut: after which no person can enter or go out, the officer of the guard not having the power to open them without an order from the magistrates, which is not to be obtained but on some great emergency. *Moore.*

IV. OF THE ITALIANS.

IN their external deportment, the Italians have a grave solemnity of manner, which is sometimes thought to arise from a natural gloominess of disposition. The French, above all other nations, are apt to impute to melancholy the sedate serious air which accompanies reflection.

Though in the pulpit, on the theatre, and even in common conversation, the Italians make use of a great deal of action; yet Italian vivacity is different from

French: the former proceeds from sensibility; the latter from animal spirits.

The inhabitants of this country have not the brisk look, and elastic trip, which is universal in France: they move rather with a slow composed pace. The people of the most finished fashion, as well as the neglected vulgar, seem to prefer the unconstrained attitude of their antique statues, to the artificial graces of a French dancing-master, or the erect strut of a German soldier. I imagine I perceive a great resemblance between many of the living countenances I see daily and the features of the ancient busts and statues; which leads me to believe, that there are a greater number of the genuine descendants of the old Romans in Italy, than is generally imagined.

I am often struck with the fine character of countenance to be seen in the streets of Rome. I never saw features more expressive of reflection, sense, and genius. In the very lowest ranks there are countenances which announce minds fit for the highest and most important situations; and we cannot help regretting, that those to whom they belong, have not received an education adequate to the natural abilities we are convinced they possess, and been placed where these abilities could be brought into action.

Of all the countries in Europe, Switzerland is that in which the beauties of nature appear in the greatest variety of forms and on the most magnificent scale. In that country, therefore, the young landscape painter has the best chance of seizing the most sublime ideas. But Italy is the best school for the history painter; not only on account of its being enriched with the works of the greatest masters and the noblest models of antique sculpture, but also on account of the fine expressive style of the Italian countenance.

Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman women from the specimens they see in the fashionable circles to which they are first introduced. There are some exceptions; but, in general, it must be acknowledged, that the present
race

race of women of high rank are more distinguished by their other ornaments than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower classes, you frequently meet with the most beautiful countenances. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the English. If a hundred, or any greater number, of English women, were taken at random, and compared with the same number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced, that ninety of the English would be found handsomer than ninety of the Romans; but the probability is, that two or three in the hundred Italians, would have finer countenances than any of the English. English beauty is more remarkable in the country than in towns. The peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison in point of looks, with those of England. That rank of people have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where else so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean, and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, indeed, are so hard worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, and so dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not. Yet I have been informed, since I came here, that, in spite of all these disadvantages, they sometimes find among the Italian peasantry, countenances highly interesting, and which they prefer to all the cherry cheeks of Lancashire.

Beauty, doubtless, is infinitely varied; and, happily for mankind, their tastes and opinions on the subject are equally various. Notwithstanding this variety, however, a style of face, in some measure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is again varied, and marked with every degree of discrimination between the extremes of beauty and ugliness. I will

give you a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in this country, from which you may judge whether they are to your taste or not.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip; the eyes large, and of a sparkling black. The black eye certainly labours under one disadvantage, which is, that from the iris and pupil being of the same colour, the contraction and dilatation of the latter is not seen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers. Yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expressive; some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but very seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. *Moore.*

V. CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.

WERE I to draw the picture of the Spaniards from the manifold sketches traced by their countrymen, every province in the kingdom would, in its turn, appear a Paradise and a Pandæmonium, a seat of holy spirits and a receptacle of malicious devils. The most contradictory accounts, enforced by the most positive affirmations, have been repeatedly given me of the same places. I have often found the virtue one province prides itself in, as being the specific mark of its inhabitants, not only refused them by a neighbouring county, but the very opposite vice imposed upon them as their characteristic. The English, French, and other foreigners, living in Spain, are in general but indifferently qualified to decide upon these matters. As long as they retain the prejudices they brought from home against every thing that clashes with their native customs, they are but partial judges; and when once they fall into the ways of the place where commerce has fixed their lot, they become such thorough-paced Spaniards, that they can neither perceive the particularities you speak to them of, nor assign reasons for uses that are grown habitual to them. As

As I am not ashamed to acknowledge my insufficiency, I frankly confess it is not in my power to give what you may think a satisfactory character of the Spaniards. Were I inclined to flatter my self-love, I might add, that I do not esteem any of those who have already written on the subject, much better qualified than myself. What I can venture to say amounts to very little.

The Catalonians appear to be the most active, stirring set of men, the best calculated for business, travelling, and manufactories. The Valencians are a more fullen, sedate race, better adapted to the occupations of husbandmen, less eager to change place, and of a much more timid suspicious cast of mind than the former. The Andalusians seem to me the greatest talkers and rhodomontadoes of Spain. The Castilians have a manly frankness, and less appearance of cunning and deceit. The New Castilians are perhaps the least industrious of the whole nation; the Old Castilians are laborious, and retain more of ancient simplicity of manners; both are of a firm, determined spirit. I take the Arragoneses to be a mixture of the Castilians and Catalonians, rather inclining to the former. The Biscayners are acute and diligent, fiery, and impatient of control: more resembling a colony of republicans, than a province of an absolute monarchy. The Galicians are a plodding, pains-taking race of mortals, that roam over Spain in search of an hardy-earned subsistence.

The listless indolence, equally dear to the uncivilized savage and to the degenerate slave of despotism, is nowhere more indulged than in Spain. Thousands of men, in all parts of the realm, are seen to pass the whole day wrapped up in a cloak, standing in rows against a wall, or dozing under a tree. In total want of every excitement to action, the springs of their intellectual faculties forget to play, their views grow confined within the wretched sphere of mere existence, and they scarce seem to hope or foresee any thing better than their present state of vegetation. They feel little or no concern for the welfare or glory of a country, where the surface of the earth is engrossed by a few overgrown

grown families, who seldom bestow a thought on the condition of their vassals. The poor Spaniard does not work, unless urged by irresistible want, because he perceives no advantage accrue from industry. As his food and raiment are purchased at a small expence, he spends no more time in labour, than is absolutely necessary for procuring the scanty provision his abstemiousness requires. I have heard a peasant refuse to run an errand, because he had that morning earned as much as would last him the day, without putting himself to any further trouble.

Yet I am convinced that this laziness is not essentially inherent in the Spanish composition. For it is impossible, without seeing them, to conceive with what eagerness they pursue any favourite scheme, with what violence their passions work upon them, and what vigour and exertion of powers they display when awakened by a bull-fight, or the more constant agitation of gaming, a vice to which they are superlatively addicted. Were it again possible, by an intelligent, spirited administration, to set before their eyes, in a clear and forcible manner, proper incitements to activity and industry, the Spaniards might yet be roused from their lethargy, and led to riches and reputation; but I confess the task is so difficult, that I look upon it rather as an Utopian idea, than as a revolution likely ever to take place.

The Spanish is by no means naturally a serious melancholy nation. Misery and discontent have cast a gloom over them, increased, no doubt, by the long habit of distrust and terrour inspired by the inquisition; yet every village still resounds with the music of voices and guitars; and their fairs and Sunday wakes are remarkably noisy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence than even the French or Italians; and gesticulate with equal, if not superiour eagerness.

I was surprised to find them so much more luke-warm in their devotion than I expected; but I will not take upon me to assert, though I have great reason to believe it, that there is in Spain as little true moral religion as in any country I ever travelled through. Religion is a
topic

topic not to be touched, much less handled with any degree of curiosity, in the dominions of so tremendous a tribunal as the Inquisition. From what little I saw, I am apt to suspect, that the people here trouble themselves with very few serious thoughts on the subject; and that, provided they can bring themselves to believe that their favourite saint looks upon them with an eye of affection, they take it for granted, that, under his benign influence, they are freed from all apprehensions of damnation in a future state; and, indeed, from any great concern about the moral duties of this life. The burning zeal which distinguished their ancestors above the rest of the Catholic world, appears to have lost much of its activity, and seems nearly extinguished.

We found the common people inoffensive, if not civil; and having never had an opportunity of being witnesses to any of their excesses, can say nothing of their violent jealousy or revenge, which are points most writers on Spain have expatiated upon with great pleasure. I believe in this line, as well as in many others, their bad as well as good qualities have been magnified many degrees above the truth.

The national qualities, good and bad, conspicuous in the lower classes of men, are easily traced and very discernible in those of higher rank; for their education is too much neglected, their minds too little enlightened by study or communication with other nations, to rub off the general rust, with which the Spanish genius has, for above an age, been as it were incrustated. The public schools and universities are in a despicable state of ignorance and irregularity. Some feeble hope of future reformation is indulged by patriots; but time must shew what probabilities they are grounded on.

The reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. were the times of great men and good authors, the Spanish Augustan age, and continued a few years under Philip III. Since those days, it is difficult to point out any original work of learning or merit, except those of Cervantes and La Vega, who survived the rest of the geniuses of that period.

Swinburne.

VL. ON

VI. OF PORTUGAL AND ITS INHABITANTS.

THE kingdom of Portugal is situated to the west of Spain, from which it is separated on the north and the east by the river Minho, and some small rivers and hills; on the south and west it is washed by the sea. Its whole extent from north to south is three hundred miles, and its breadth from east to west, where broadest, is about one hundred and twenty. It is in the same climate with Spain, and as well as that country, is very mountainous; but the soil is in general worse, and never produces corn enough for the support of its inhabitants. As to wheat, it has always produced less of that valuable grain than what the people require. In the southern parts pasture is always scarce, and the cattle small and lean, though the flesh is generally well tasted. But to make amends for this want of corn and pasture, here are made vast quantities of wine, which is indeed the best commodity of this kingdom. Oil is also made here in great abundance, but it is far inferior to that of Spain and Italy. Lemons and oranges likewise grow here, and are exported in great quantities; though the acidity of the latter is not near so pleasant as of those that come from Seville; nor indeed are their raisins, figs, almonds, and chestnuts, either so large, or so well tasted as those of Spain. However, their sweet oranges, which they have introduced from China, and which are thence called China oranges, are the best of the kind in Europe. Herbs and flowers of all sorts are here commonly very good, and abundance of perfumed waters are distilled from those of the odoriferous kind, which are here in great request, they being used in almost every thing that is eaten, drunk, or worn.

The woollen manufactures of this country are so indifferent and coarse, that they are only worn by the meaner sort; and though their silks are in some places much better, they are far inferior in beauty and goodness to those made in Spain.

The modern Portuguese retain nothing of that adventurous enterprising spirit that rendered their forefathers

so illustrious three hundred years ago. They have, ever since the house of Braganza mounted the throne, degenerated in all their virtues; though some noble exceptions are still remaining among them: and no people are so little obliged as the Portuguese are to the reports of historians and travellers. Treachery has been laid to their charge, as well as ingratitude, and, above all, an intemperate passion for revenge.

The Portuguese are neither so tall nor so well made as the Spaniards, whose habits and customs they imitate; only, the quality affect to be more gaily and more richly dressed.

The women are mostly beautiful when young, though their complexion is inclinable to the olive; but the indiscreet use of paint renders their skins shrivelled as with old age, before they are turned of thirty. Their eyes, however, which are generally black and sparkling, retain their lustre after other charms are withered. The quick decay of beauty is in some measure recompensed by the vivacity of their wit, in which they are said to excel the women of all other nations. They are extremely charitable and generous, and remarkable for their modesty.

Spectacles are commonly worn here as well as in Spain, as a mark of age and gravity; for it is observable of these two nations, that old age, with a grave and solemn behaviour, procures such respects, that the young affect to imitate the solemnity of the old.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is built upon seven hills, and is thought to contain 200,000 inhabitants. Some of the hills rise above the rest; and some again are so interwoven and contrasted, that they form an agreeable diversity of hills and vales; so that, from the opposite side of the Tagus, it looks like an immense amphitheatre, which has all the charms that can be produced by a variety of the most sumptuous edifices, reflecting uncommon beauties upon each other by the happiness of their situation. Nor do the prospects of the country give less pleasure when they are viewed from the eminences in the city: for, what can be a finer sight than a beautiful country, and such a river as
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the Tagus, covered with forests of ships from all nations? Its situation certainly renders its appearance at once delightful and superb; and it is deservedly accounted the greatest port in Europe, next to London and Amsterdam.

The city, before the great earthquake, afforded a still nobler prospect when viewed from the river, than it does at present, on account of the gradual ascent of the buildings. But this dreadful earthquake (which began on the first of November, 1755, at about ten in the morning) laid the finest buildings of Lisbon in ruins, and reduced that city to a scene of the most terrible desolation. To complete the public distress, a fire soon after broke out and spread among the ruins; and, by these disasters, the King's Palace, the Custom-house, St. Dominic's church, St. Nicholas's, and many others, were either thrown down or consumed, together with a great number of private houses. But happily some whole streets escaped the general calamity, and were left standing entire.

All that part of the city which was demolished by the earthquake, is now planned out in the most regular and commodious form. Some large squares and many streets are already built. The streets form right angles, and are broad and spacious. The houses are lofty, elegant, and uniform; and, being built of white stone, make a beautiful appearance.

The air here is so soft, and the sky so clear, that it is quite delicious; which, joined to the excellence of the water, makes the inhabitants so extremely healthy, that they have the happiness of living to a very great age, without being oppressed with infirmities, and continually attacked by fresh disorders, as is usual in other climates. The climate is so temperate, that they have roses and many other sorts of flowers, even in the winter.

The second city in this kingdom is Oporto, which is computed to contain 30,000 inhabitants. The chief article of commerce in this city is wine; and the inhabitants of half the shops in the city are coopers. The
merchants

merchants assemble daily in the chief street, to transact business, and are protected from the sun by sail-cloths hung across from the opposite houses. About thirty English families reside here, who are chiefly concerned in the wine trade.

Tour through Portugal.

VII. A VIEW OF THE STARS AND RISING SUN FROM
MOUNT ETNA.

AFTER incredible labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount Etna. By others it is supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose shop, all the world knows, (where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, as well as nets to catch his wife when she went astray) was ever kept in Mount Etna. Here we rested ourselves for some time, and made a fresh application to our bottle, which I am persuaded both Vulcan and Empedocles, had they been here, would have greatly approved of after such a march.

We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than when below; and observed with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the Milky Way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, that blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for

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an observatory!" We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass, which I had in my pocket. We observed a light, a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move among the forests; but whether an *Ignis Fatuus*, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors, called *Falling Stars*, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us, as when seen from the plain; so that, in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon after arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size. Its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. We found this mountain excessively steep; and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow; but the surface (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top, as the snow was every where frozen hard and solid from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow, and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. From this spot it was only about 300 yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface

face of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects.—The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world—this point or pinnacle is raised on the brink of a bottomless gulph, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulphs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene.—All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.—The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean; immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view

is absolutely boundless on every side ; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it ; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity : and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of Etna, cannot be less than 2000 miles. Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain ; so that, at the whole elevation, the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or 400 miles, which makes 800 for the diameter of the circle, and above 2400 for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. *Bryden.*

SECTION IV.

A SECOND SET OF DIDACTIC PIECES.

I. OF THE DUTIES THAT RELATE TO MAN, CONSIDERED AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

1. *Consideration.*

COMMUNE with thyself, O man ! and consider wherefore thou wast made.

Contemplate thy powers ; contemplate thy wants, and thy connections : so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed

Proceed not to speak, or to act, before thou hast weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take: so shall Disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall Shame be a stranger; Repentance shall not visit thee, nor Sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken, therefore, unto the voice of Consideration. Her words are the words of Wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and Truth.

2. *Modesty.*

Who art thou, O man! that presumest on thy own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thy own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of Wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom: he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not: he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant! He clotheth himself in rich attire: he walketh in the

public street: he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor: he treateth his inferiours with insolence; and his superiours, in return, look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others: he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination: his delight is to hear, and to speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth, with greediness, his own praise; and the flatterer, in return, eateth him up.

3. *Application.*

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity; and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolveth to do, do it quickly: defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of Want and Pain; but the labour of Virtue bringeth forth Pleasure.

The hand of Diligence defeateth Want: Prosperity and Success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house; and hath said unto Sloth, thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late: he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

But the slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

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His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud ; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise ; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move : his mind is in darkness ; his thoughts are confused ; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder ; his servants are wasteful and riotous ; and he runneth on towards ruin : he seeth it with his eyes ; he heareth it with his ears ; he shaketh his head and wisheth : but he hath no resolution ; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

4. *Emulation.*

If thy soul thirst for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be the first in thy calling, whatever it be ; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing : nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitors by any dishonest or unworthy method ; strive to raise thyself above him, only by excelling him ; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him ; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression ; and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night ; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs ; he rejoiceth in the execution

tion thereof; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining; and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart; and there is no rest in him.

He feelth in his own breast no love of goodness, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavoureth to depreciate those that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditateth mischief: but the detestation of man pursueth him: he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

5. *Prudence.*

HEAR the words of Prudence; give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart. Her maxims are universal, and all the Virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips; lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance; but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee: neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who cannot restrain his tongue shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost
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of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Avarice is the parent of evil deeds ; but Frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.

Let thine own business engage thine attention ; leave the care of the state to the governours thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let Prosperity put out the eyes of Circumspection, nor Abundance cut off the hands of Frugality : he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom ; and from their failings, correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him : yet mistrust not without reason ; it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure ; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favours of a mercenary man, nor join in friendship with the wicked ; they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring grief to thy soul.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want : neither leave that to hazard, which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not, even from Prudence, infallible success ; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful ; yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment ; never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

6. Fortitude.

PERILS, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are, more or less, the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of Calamity ! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that

that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of a man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of Fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-shore he standeth firm; and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of Fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and, by his constancy, he shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man, betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

7. Contentment

FORGET not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet, for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours,

vours, his benevolence hath established in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest; behold the root from whence they spring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own dis-tempered fancy.

Murmur not, therefore, at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart. Neither say within thyself, if I had wealth, or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniencies.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power; neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure: and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man; for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom; and he who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares: but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and Trouble findeth it not.

Yet, if thou suffereest not the blandishments of thy fortune to rob thee of justice, of temperance, of charity, of modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of Felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and Happiness the goal; which none can arrive at, till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of Eternity.

8. *Temperance.*

THE nearest approach thou canst make to Happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven, health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings, if thou possessest, and wouldst pre-serve

serve to old age, avoid the allurements of Voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy, then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her ground.

For, if thou hearkeneth unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection: she hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties. Her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But, who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blushes on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart, she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the regions of the north.

They are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves; Strength dwelleth in their bones; and Labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits is their glory.

Their

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure ; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure ; their minds are serene ; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

Economy of Human Life.

II. THE BEAUTIES OF THE CREATION A SOURCE OF
PLEASURE AND GRATITUDE.

COULD I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons, there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature. He has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of " vernal delight," in that passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it :

" Blossoms and fruits, at once, of golden hue
" Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd :
" On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
" Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
I " When

- " When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely
 " seem'd
 " That landscape : and, of pure, now purer air
 " Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 " Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 " All sadness but despair."

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers ; and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this Paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man ; every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows ; but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders
of

of divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight. I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this *vernal delight*, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

Addison.

III. ON THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth seems by

far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold ; it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations ; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and evening star (as in one part of her orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world, which, with the five others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection ; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own ; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life ; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependant on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun ; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which appears to perform its daily stages through the sky, is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. Though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, it is a million of times larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles : a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions : were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would almost overwhelm our understanding. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy ? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, ‘ How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame !’ let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought

brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and wonderful.

The sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though it seems no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely distinguishable points is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at that impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries. While beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness; I also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What but a dim speck hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and

bloated dimensions : but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure ! they shrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

IV. ON THE LOVE OF NOVELTY.

As Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind : it is formed to raise expectation by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning, we watch the rising of the sun ; and we see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, the shades begin to lengthen, and the light declines ; till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it ; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests ; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered, among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring ; but I am not certain, that, in this state of imaginary happiness, they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember : thus, ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity ; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold ; we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely, that, however the fancy may be
amused

amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, and find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world always fill the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment: as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *sullenness against nature*. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terror: in spring, the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happiness and plenty; in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heaviness and sorrow; nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual sympathy and tenderness, which, in a world of so much misery, is required for the ready discharge of our most important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestic merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the
votaries

voraries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts; and when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep as by some common calamity; an enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side, those, who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employments, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the continuance of the social season with all its bleakness and all its severities.

To men of study and imagination, the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of inquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which always hang flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers: it is necessary that the greater part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute indeed, not if we consider its influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities requisite to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or which nature obliges them to allow to relaxation.

axation. Yet, even on these, I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games; which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little-time allotted to us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our existence. And, though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us, more or less, for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able, when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantage; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fills them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable. *Johnson.*

V. ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

OBSERVE the accommodation of the most common artificer or day labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, rough and coarse as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude

titude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dier, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! how much commerce and navigation, in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dier, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes that cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate, at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen and pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the
the

the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniencies; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible, that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is usually accommodated. *Smith.*

VI. LEARNING RECOMMENDED AS A PROPER INGREDIENT
IN THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF QUALITY OR FOR-
TUNE.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of women of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and, at the same time, heard all Dr Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several
fruits

fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have the natural gift of speech in greater perfection. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours; could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages: in short, were they furnished with matters of fact out of the arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great use to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is a great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex; nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures; in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with

with the male. We ought to consider, in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the study of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one-and-twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and who had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople; where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By these means this religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated, under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her report to the emperor her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression

pression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudisia: after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and, by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex. *Addison.*

VII. ON CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the Great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts.—The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed. His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature
has

has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in its conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these, is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness or tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and, consequently, of a future state, under whatever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is pos-

sible for a man to out-live the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we may meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

The vicious man and the atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, may death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him who is sure it will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he look into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which was so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes

makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is in the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as will make us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please.

Addison.

VIII. ON THE MULTITUDE AND VARIETY OF LIVING CREATURES.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still something more wonderful and surprising in contemplating the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and which are therefore subject to

our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon them: nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds" draws a very good argument from this consideration for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with lie waste and useless, those great bodies which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter: to mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they

they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell; and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and, even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence. He has therefore specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life.

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There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rise by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superiour nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superiour to us, from that variety which are inferiour to us, is made by Mr Locke in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that, notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the Power which produced him.

“ That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence : that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that, in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of

of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on, until we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where, that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being, in degrees of perfection, much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing: and yet, of all those distinct species we have no clear distinct ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world. So that he, who, in one respect, being associated with angels and arch angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption, "Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."

Addison.

IX. AGAINST PARTY-RAGE IN THE FEMALE SEX.

I HAVE, in former papers, endeavoured to expose party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears
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and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are of the same family, or of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to the men.

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in a very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty; and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other." *Addison.*

SECTION

SECTION V.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL PIECES.

1. CHARACTER OF ADDISON AND HIS PROSE WRITINGS.

IF any judgment be made from his books, nothing will be found in Mr Addison's moral character but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than his, will show, that to write and to live are very different. Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, *above all Greeks, above all Roman fame.* No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual

tellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness*.

As a describer of life and manners, Mr Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humour is peculiar to himself; and is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *o'ersteps the modesty of nature*, or raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor implacably rigid. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always *easy*, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction: he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idiomat-

tical,

tical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.—Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. *Johnson.*

II. OF THOMSON.

As a writer, Thomson is intitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature, and on Life, with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet: the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent interfection of the sense, which is the necessary effect of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the splendour of *Summer*, the tranquillity of *Autumn*, and the horror of *Winter*, take, in their turns, possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the ap

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pearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

Johnson.

III. OF POPE AND DRYDEN.

IN acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose: but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind: Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid: Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little be-
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cause Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty; either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity: he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight. *Johnson.*

IV. OF MILTON.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must exalt and improve by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation: morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue: from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions either single or combined: and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and of realizing fiction. He must be intimately acquainted with

the whole extention of his language, know all the delicacies of phrase and all the powers of words, and be capable of adjusting their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical expression.

Such has Milton shewn himself in his *Paradise Lost*. He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant; but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he, therefore, chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel; and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds: he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of nature do not seem to be always copied
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from original form, or to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books:" and, on most occasions, calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* was gathering flowers: Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like *Ulysses* between the two *Sicilian* whirlpools.

His similes are not confined within the limits of rigorous composition. His great excellence is amplitude; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets. For this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

In Milton, every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners; except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

The highest praise of genius is invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem; and, therefore, owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally

naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hinderance; he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors; but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support: there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch. He was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it was not the first.

Johnson.

V. OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE character which Dryden has drawn of Shakespeare, is not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy.—“He was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it; you feel it too. They who accuse him of wanting learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature. He looked inward, and found her there. I cannot say he is every-where alike. Were he so, I should do him injury to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him.”

Great he may be justly called, as the extent and force of his natural genius, both for Tragedy and Comedy, are altogether unrivalled. But, at the same time, it is a genius shooting wild, deficient in just taste, and unassisted by knowledge or art. Long has he been idolized by the British nation; much has been said, and much has been written concerning him; criticism has been drawn to the very dregs in commentaries upon his words and

and witticisms : and yet it remains to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults be greatest. Admirable scenes, and passages without number, there are in his plays ; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer ; but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, or which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end. Besides extreme irregularities in conduct, and grotesque mixtures of serious and comic in one piece, we are often interrupted by unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, a certain obscure bombast, and a play upon words which he is fond of pursuing ; and these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur on occasions when we would least wish to meet with them.

All these faults, however, Shakespear redeems, by two of the greatest excellencies which any tragic poet can possess ;—his lively and diversified paintings of character ; his strong natural expressions of passion. These are his two chief virtues : on these his merit rests. Notwithstanding his many absurdities, all the while we are reading his plays, we find ourselves in the midst of our fellows : we meet with men, vulgar perhaps in their manners, coarse or harsh in their sentiments, but still they are men ; they speak with human voices, and are actuated by human passions ; we are interested in what they say or do, because we feel that they are of the same nature with ourselves. It is, therefore, no matter of wonder, that from the more polished and regular, but more cold and artificial performances of other poets, the Public should return with pleasure to such warm and genuine representations of human nature.—Shakespeare possesses likewise the merit of having created for himself a sort of world of preternatural beings. His witches, ghosts, fairies, and spirits of all kinds, are described with such circumstances of awful and mysterious solemnity, and speak a language so peculiar to themselves, as strongly to affect the imagination.

With regard to his historical plays, they are, properly speaking, neither tragedies nor comedies ; but a peculiar

culiar species of dramatic entertainment, calculated to describe the manners of the times of which he treats, to exhibit the principal characters, and to fix our attention on some of the most interesting events and revolutions of our own country.

Blair.

IV. GENEROUS BEHAVIOUR OF EDWARD, COMMONLY CALLED THE BLACK PRINCE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

THIS celebrated battle was fought in the year thirteen hundred and fifty-six. The English army, commanded by Prince Edward, did not amount to above twelve thousand men; while that of the French, under King John, exceeded sixty thousand. Notwithstanding so great a disproportion in point of numbers, the courage and good conduct of the English gained them the victory. The French forces were totally defeated; and King John, with many other persons of rank, were taken prisoners. Here commences the truly admirable heroism of Edward: for victories are vulgar things in comparison of that moderation and humanity discovered by a young prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle, and elated by as extraordinary and as unexpected success as had ever crowned the arms of any general. He came forth to meet the captive king with all the signs of regard and sympathy; administered comfort to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due to his valour; and ascribed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superiour Providence, which controls all the efforts of human force and prudence. The behaviour of John showed him not unworthy of this courteous treatment. His present abject fortune never made him forget a moment that he was a king. More sensible to Edward's generosity than to his own calamities, he said, that, notwithstanding his defeat and captivity, his honour was still unimpaired; and that, though he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valour and humanity.

Edward ordered a magnificent repast to be prepared in

in his tent for the prisoner; and he himself served the royal captive's table, as if he had been one of his retinue. He stood at the king's back during the meal; constantly refused to take a place at the table; and declared, that, being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank and that of royal majesty, to assume such freedom. All his father's pretensions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion. John, in captivity, received the honours of a king, which were refused him when seated on the throne; and the French prisoners, conquered by this elevation of mind, more than by their late discomfiture, burst out into tears of joy and admiration; which were only checked by the reflection, that such genuine and unexampled heroisin in an enemy, must certainly in the issue prove but the more dangerous to their native country.

All the English and Gascon knights imitated the generous example set them by their prince. The captives were every-where treated with humanity, and were soon after dismissed on paying moderate ransoms to the persons into whose hands they had fallen. The extent of their fortunes was considered; and an attention was given, that they should still have sufficient means left, for the future, to perform their military service in a manner suitable to their rank and quality. Yet so numerous were the noble prisoners, that their ransoms, joined to the spoils of the field, were sufficient to enrich the prince's army; and, as they had suffered very little in the action, their joy and exultation were complete.

Not being provided with forces so numerous as to enable him to push his present advantages, the prince of Wales concluded a two-years truce with France; which was also requisite, that he might conduct the captive king with safety into England. On his landing near the capital he was met by a prodigious concourse of people, of all ranks and stations. The prisoner was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by its size and beauty and by the richness of its furniture. The conqueror rode by his side, in a meaner attire, and carried

carried by a black palfrey. In this situation, much more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the king of France to his father, who advanced to meet him, and received him with the same courtesy, as if he had been a neighbouring potentate that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit.

Hume.

VII. SURRENDER OF CALAIS TO EDWARD III.

THE town of Calais had been defended with remarkable vigilance, constancy, and bravery, by the townsmen, during a siege of unusual length. Philip, the French king, informed of their distressed condition, determined at last to attempt their relief; and he approached the English with an immense army, which the writers of that age make amount to two hundred thousand men: but he found Edward so surrounded with morasses, and secured by entrenchments, that without rushing on inevitable destruction, he concluded it impossible to make an attempt on the English camp. He had no other resource than to send his rival a vain challenge to meet him in the open field; which being refused, he was obliged to decamp with his army, and disperse them into their several provinces.

John de Vienne, the governor of Calais, now saw the necessity of surrendering his fortrefs, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine and the fatigue of the inhabitants. He appeared on the walls, and made a signal to the English sentinels that he desired a conference. Sir Walter Manny was sent to him by Edward. "Brave knight," cried the governor, "I have been entrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town. It is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavoured, as well as those under me, to do our duty. But you are acquainted with our present situation. We have no hopes of relief. We are perishing with hunger. I am willing, therefore, to surrender; and desire, as the sole condition, to ensure the lives and liberties of those brave men who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue.

Manny

Manny replied, that he was well acquainted with the king of England's intentions : that that Prince was incensed against the townsmen of Calais for their obstinate resistance, and for the evils which they had made him and his subjects suffer : that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance of them ; and would not receive the town on any condition which should confine him in the punishment of these offenders. " Consider," replied Vienne, " that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled. If any English knight had been in my situation, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince ; much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But I inform you, that, if we must perish, we shall not perish unrevenged : and that we are not yet so reduced, but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities ; and I expect, that you yourself, brave knight, will interpose your good offices with your prince in our behalf."

Manny was struck with the justness of these sentiments, and represented to the king the danger of reprisals, if he should give such treatment to the inhabitants of Calais. Edward was at last persuaded to mitigate the rigour of the conditions demanded : he only insisted that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent him to be disposed of as he thought proper ;—that they should come to his camp, carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes about their necks : and, on these terms, he promised to spare the lives of the remainder.

When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction, who had signalized their valour in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened ; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution. At last, one of the principal inhabitants, called
Eustace

Eustace de St Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stepped forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions. Another, animated by his example, made a like generous offer. A third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate; and the whole number required was soon completed. These six heroic burghesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of the city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising, that so generous a prince should have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men; and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before him; and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she carried them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them; and, after making them a present, dismissed them in safety. *Hume.*

VIII. BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN; A. D. 1314.

EDWARD assembled forces from all quarters with a view of finishing at one blow the entire reduction of Scotland. He summoned the most warlike of his vassals from Gascony: he enlisted troops from Flanders and other foreign countries: he invited over great numbers of the disorderly Irish as to a certain prey: he joined to them a body of the Welch, who were actuated by like motives: and, assembling the whole military force of England, he marched to the frontiers with an army, which, according to the Scottish writers, amounted to an hundred thousand men: but which was probably much inferior to that number.

The army collected by Robert exceeded not thirty thousand combatants; but being composed of men, who had distinguished themselves by many acts of valour, who were rendered desperate by their situation, and who were enured to all the varieties of fortune, they might justly, under such a leader, be deemed formidable to the most numerous and best appointed armies. The castle
of

of Stirling, which, with Berwick, was the only fortress of Scotland that remained in the hands of the English, had been long besieged by Edward Bruce; and Philip de Moubray, the governor, after an obstinate defence, was at last obliged to capitulate, and to promise, that if, before a certain day, which was now approaching, he was not relieved, he should open his gates to the enemy. Robert, therefore, sensible that here was the ground on which he must expect the English, chose the field of battle with all the skill and prudence imaginable, and made the necessary preparations for their reception. He posted himself at Bannockburn, about two miles from Stirling; where he had a hill on his right flank, and a morass on his left: and, not content with having taken these precautions to prevent his being surrounded by the more numerous army of the English, he foresaw the superiour strength of the enemy in cavalry, and made provision against it. Having a rivulet in front, he commanded deep pits to be dug along its banks, and sharp stakes to be planted in them, and he ordered the whole to be carefully covered over with turf. The English arrived in sight on the evening, and a bloody conflict immediately ensued between two bodies of cavalry; in which Robert, who was at the head of the Scots, engaged in single combat with Henry de Bohun, a gentleman of the family of Hereford; and, at one stroke, cleft his adversary to the chin with a battle-axe in sight of the two armies. The English horse fled with precipitation to their main body.

The Scots, encouraged by this favourable event, and glorying in the valour of their prince, prognosticated a happy issue to the combat on the ensuing day. The English, confident in their numbers, and elated with past successes, longed for an opportunity of revenge; and the night, though extremely short in that season and in that climate, appeared tedious to the impatience of the several combatants. Early in the morning (June 25th) Edward drew out his army, and advanced towards the Scots. The Earl of Gloucester, his nephew, who commanded the left wing of the cavalry, impelled by the

ardour of youth, rushed on to the attack without precaution, and fell among the covered pits which had been prepared by Bruce for the reception of the enemy. This body of horse was put in disorder: Gloucester himself was overthrown and slain. Sir James Douglas, who commanded the Scottish cavalry, gave the enemy no leisure to rally, but pushed them off the field with considerable loss, and pursued them in sight of their whole line of infantry. While the English army were alarmed by this unfortunate beginning of the action, which commonly proves decisive, they observed, on the heights towards the left, the appearance of an army, which seemed to be marching leisurely, in order to surround them; and they were distracted by their multiplied fears. This was a number of waggoners and sumpter-boys, whom Robert had collected together; and, having supplied them with military standards, gave them, at a distance, the resemblance of a formidable body. The stratagem took effect. A panic seized the English: they threw down their arms and fled: they were pursued with great slaughter, for the space of eighty miles, till they reached Berwick: and the Scots, besides an inestimable booty, took many persons of quality prisoners, and above four hundred gentlemen, whom Robert treated with great humanity, and whose ransom was a new accession of wealth to the victorious army. The king himself very narrowly escaped by taking shelter in Dunbar, whose gates were opened to him by the Earl of March; and he thence passed by sea to Berwick.

Such was the great and decisive battle of Bannockburn; which secured the independency of Scotland, fixed Bruce on the throne of that kingdom, and may be deemed the greatest overthrow, which the English monarchy, since the conquest, has ever received. The number of the slain, on these occasions, is always uncertain, and is commonly much magnified by the victors. But this defeat made a deep impression on the minds of the English, and it was remarked, that for some years, no superiority of numbers could encourage them to keep the field against the Scots.

Hume.

IX. DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA; A. D. 1588.

THIS formidable fleet consisted of a hundred and fifty vessels, of which near a hundred were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six mariners, two thousand and eighty-eight galley-slaves, and two thousand six hundred and thirty great pieces of brats ordnance.

The plan formed by the king of Spain was, that the Armada should first sail to the Flemish coast; and, having chased away all English or Flemish vessels which might obstruct the passage (for it was never supposed they could make opposition) should join themselves with the Duke of Parma's troops; that they should thence make sail together to the Thames; and, having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England.

After the Armada was under sail, they took a fisherman, who informed them that the English Admiral had retired back to Plymouth, and, no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence, the Duke of Medina, the Spanish Admiral, conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbour; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders and make sail directly for Plymouth; a resolution which proved the safety of England.

They were descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who informed the English Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, of their approach; another fortunate event, which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet.

Effingham gave orders, not to come to close fight with the Spaniards; where the size of the ships, he suspected, and the number of the soldiers would be a disadvantage to the English; but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity, which winds, cur-

rents, or various accidents must afford him of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered his expectation. A great ship of Biscay, on board of which was a considerable part of the Spanish money, took fire by accident; and, while all hands were employed in extinguishing the flames, she fell behind the rest of the Armada; the great galleon of Andalusia was detained by the springing of her mast; and both these vessels, after some resistance, were taken by Sir Francis Drake. As the Armada advanced up the channel, the English hung upon its rear, and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found, that, even in close fight, the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. Their bulk exposed them the more to the fire of the enemy; while their cannon, placed too high, shot over the heads of the English. The alarm having now reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbour, and reinforced the Admiral. The Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, with many others, distinguished themselves by their generous and disinterested service to their country. The English fleet, after the conjunction of these ships, amounted to an hundred and forty sail.

The Armada had now reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, in expectation that the Duke of Parma, who had got intelligence of their approach, would put to sea and join his forces to them. The English Admiral practised here a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with combustible materials, sent them, one after another, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fireships of the same contrivance with a famous vessel which had lately done so much execution near Antwerp, and they immediately cut their cables, and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them while in confusion;

confusion; and, besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

By this time it was become apparent that the intention for which these preparations were made by the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels provided by the Duke of Parma, were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the harbour, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English were not only able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found, in many rencounters, that, while he had lost so considerable a part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw, that, by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw inevitable destruction on the remainder. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards; but as the wind proved contrary to his passage through the channel, he resolved to sail northwards; and, making the tour of the island, reach the Spanish harbours by the ocean. The English fleet followed him during some time; and, had not their ammunition fallen short by the negligence of the officers in supplying them, they could have obliged the whole of the Armada to surrender at discretion. The Duke of Medina had once taken that resolution, but was diverted from it by the advice of his confessor. This conclusion of the enterprise would have been more glorious to the English; but the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it passed the Orkneys. The mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldly vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships to drive either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not one half of the navy returned to Spain, and the seamen, as well as the soldiers, who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English,

English, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them.

Such was the miserable and dishonourable conclusion of an enterprize, which had been preparing for three years, which had exhausted the revenue and force of Spain, and which had long filled all Europe with anxiety and expectation. *Hume.*

X. CHARACTERS OF SEVERAL OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

TITUS ANTONINUS PIUS had been justly denominated a second Numa. The same love of religion, justice, and peace, was the distinguishing characteristic of both princes. But the situation of the latter opened a much larger field for the exercise of those virtues. Numa could only prevent a few neighbouring villages from plundering each other's harvests. Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history; which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life, he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed, with moderation, the conveniencies of his fortune and the innocent pleasures of society; and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper.

The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was of a severer and more laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest of many a learned conference, of many a patient lecture, and many a midnight lucubration. At the age of twelve years, he embraced the rigid system of the stoics, which taught him to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason, to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, and all things external as things indifferent. His meditations, composed in the tumult of a camp, are still extant; and he even condescended to give lessons of philosophy, in a more public manner, than suited the modesty of a sage, or the dignity of an emperor. But his life was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself,

himself, indulgent to the imperfections of others, just and beneficent to all mankind. He regretted that Avidius Cassius, who excited a rebellion in Syria, had disappointed him, by a voluntary death, of the pleasure of converting an enemy into a friend, and he justified the sincerity of that sentiment, by moderating the zeal of the senate against the adherents of the traitor. War he detested, as the disgrace and calamity of human nature; but when the necessity of a just defence called upon him to take up arms, he readily exposed his person to eight winter campaigns, on the frozen banks of the Danube; the severity of which was at last fatal to the weakness of his constitution. His memory was revered by a grateful posterity, and above a century after his death, many persons preserved the image of Marcus Antoninus among those of their household gods.

If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose character and authority command involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines; who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves as the accountable ministers of the laws. Such princes deserved the honour of restoring the republic, had the Romans of their days been capable of enjoying a rational freedom.

The labours of these monarchs were overpaid by the immense reward that inseparably waited on their success, by the honest pride of virtue, and by the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness of which they were the authors. A just, but melancholy reflection, embittered, however, the noblest of human enjoyments. They must often have recollected the instability of a
happiness

happiness which depended on the character of a single man. The fatal moment was perhaps approaching, when some licentious youth, or some jealous tyrant, would abuse, to the destruction, that absolute power, which they had exerted for the benefit of their people. The ideal restraints of the senate and the laws might serve to display the virtues, but could never correct the vices of the emperor. The military force was a blind and irresistible instrument of oppression; and the corruption of Roman manners would always supply flatterers eager to applaud, and ministers prepared to serve, the fear or the avarice, the lust or the cruelty, of their masters.

These gloomy apprehensions had been already justified by the experience of the Romans. The annals of the emperors exhibit a strong and various picture of human nature, which we should vainly seek among the mixed and doubtful characters of modern history. In the conduct of those monarchs we may trace the utmost lines of virtue and vice, the most exalted perfection, and the meanest degeneracy of our own species. The golden age of Trajan and the Antonines had been preceded by an age of iron. It is almost superfluous to enumerate the unworthy successors of Augustus: their unparalleled vices, and the splendid theatre on which they were acted, have saved them from oblivion. The dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the stupid Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid inhuman Domitian, are condemned to everlasting infamy. During fourscore years (excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign) Rome groaned beneath an unrelenting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republic, and was fatal to almost every virtue, and every talent, that arose in that unhappy period. *Gibson.*

XI. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong de-
testation

testation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There were united in him, activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been, from his very childhood, continually in war and at the head of armies, he joined, to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was in his time an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprises; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superiour to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public.

public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit; the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice, possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that, among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage or pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceed the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our antient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was, after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and, at the same time, allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise, that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terrour, and employed the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of tyranny, and give it the fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he
himself

himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm ; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that, during his reign, a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences. But it was a poor compensation, that the high-ways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he was legally entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but, by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher ; by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more ; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman ; by forfeitures wrongfully taken ; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations ; he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must, however, be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence ; and, though he never was lavish, he was sometimes liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But, looking on money as a necessary mean of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous

covetous nature ; at least, his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues ; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king be impartially considered, we shall find, that, in his character, there is much to admire, but still more to abhor. *Lyttleton.*

XII. CHARLES V. FRANCIS I. AND HENRY VIII.

FRANCIS the First, who mounted the throne of France in the year fifteen hundred and fifteen, and Charles the Fifth, who obtained the Imperial crown in the year fifteen hundred and nineteen, divided between them the strength and affections of all Europe. Charles succeeded to all the dominions of the house of Austria. No family had ever gained so much by wise and fortunate marriages. By acquisitions of this kind, the Austrian princes rose, in a short time, from obscure Counts of Hapsbourg, to be archdukes of Austria and kings of Bohemia, and were in possession of the imperial dignity by a sort of hereditary right. Besides these territories in Germany, Charles was heir to the crown of Spain, and to all the dominions which belonged to the house of Burgundy. The Burgundian provinces engrossed, at that time, the riches and commerce of one half of Europe ; and he drew from them, on many occasions, those immense sums, which no people without trade and liberty are able to contribute. Spain furnished him with a gallant and hardy infantry, to whose discipline he was indebted for all his conquests : and, at the same time, by the discovery of the new world, a vein of wealth was opened to him, which all the extravagance of ambition could not exhaust. These advantages rendered Charles the first prince in Europe ; but he wished to be more, and openly aspired to universal monarchy. His genius was of that kind which ripens slowly, and lies long concealed ; but it grew up without observation, to an unexpected

expected height and vigour. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the characteristic virtues of all the different races of princes to whom he was allied. In forming his schemes, he discovered all the subtlety and penetration of Ferdinand his grandfather; he pursued them with that obstinate and inflexible perseverance which has ever since been peculiar to the Austrian blood; and, in executing them, he could employ the magnanimity and boldness of his Burgundian ancestors. His ability was equal to his power; and neither of them would have been inferior to his designs, had not Providence, in pity to mankind, and in order to preserve them from the worst of all evils, universal monarchy, raised up Francis the First to defend the liberty of Europe. His dominions were less extensive, but more united than the emperor's. His subjects were numerous, active, and warlike, lovers of glory, and lovers of their king. To Charles, power was the only object of desire, and he pursued it with an unwearied and joyless industry. Francis could mingle pleasure and elegance with his ambition; and, though he neglected some advantages which a more phlegmatic or more frugal prince would have improved, an active and intrepid courage supplied all his defects, and checked or defeated many of the emperor's designs.

The rest of Europe observed all the motions of these mighty rivals with a jealous attention. On the one side, the Italians saw the danger which threatened Christendom, and, in order to avert it, had recourse to the expedient which they had often employed with success. They endeavoured to divide the power of the two contending monarchs into equal scales, and, by the union of several small states, to counterpoise him whose power became too great. But, what they concerted with much wisdom, they were able to execute with little vigour; and intrigue and refinement were feeble fences against the encroachments of military power.

On the other side, Henry the Eighth of England held the balance with less delicacy, but with a stronger hand. He was the third prince of the age in dignity and in

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power;

power; and the advantageous situation of his dominions, his domestic tranquillity, his immense wealth, and absolute authority, rendered him the natural guardian of the liberty of Europe. Each of the rivals courted him with emulation. He knew it to be his interest to keep the balance even, and to restrain both, by not joining entirely with either of them. But he was seldom able to reduce his ideas to practice: he was governed by caprice more than by principle; and the passions of the man were an overmatch for the maxims of the king. Vanity and resentment were the great springs of all his undertakings; and his neighbours easily found the way, by touching these, to force him upon many rash and inconsistent enterprises. His reign was a perpetual series of blunders in politics; and, while he esteemed himself the wisest prince in Europe, he was a constant dupe to those who found it necessary, and could submit, to flatter him.

Robertson.

SECTION VI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BIBLE, AND SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

1. THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vanteth not itself, is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

II. PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would have fain eaten of the husks that the swine did eat : and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger !

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat and be merry :

For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and found.

And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends.

But

But as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found.

III. THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world : in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun ;

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

IV. THE HUNDRED-AND-THIRD PSALM.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For, as the heaven is high above the earth; so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.

For

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone : and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear him ; and his righteousness unto children's children :

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens ; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

V. ON THE EARLY CULTURE OF THE HEART.

FROM the heart proceed the issues of life. In vain are the greatest outward advantages bestowed on the man who suffers his inward frame to go into disorder. He becomes the slave of irregular passions : he feels an aversion to the discipline by which wisdom and happiness must be attained ; and loses that balance of mind which alone gives ardour to the laudable pursuits, and a seasoning to the natural pleasures of life.

Nothing, therefore, is so important as the early culture of the heart. In youth we must lay the foundation of future excellence and happiness. We must then begin to control our desires, to cultivate the love of order, and to form a just taste of what is estimable in conduct. We must then learn to apply our faculties steadily, to put a just value on our time, and to disdain the wasting of it in trifling pursuits or pleasures.

Whoever has lived any considerable time in the world, must have observed many instances in which the best natural advantages have been of little or no use to their owners in the great concerns of life. While their talents and dispositions were beginning to unfold, they were beheld with admiration by all around them. The most

most sanguine hopes were entertained of their future success; and hardly any station in society was deemed too high for them to fill with honour and applause.

But, in the progress of life, these early meteors have either gradually faded in splendour, or have taken an eccentric course, and dazzled only without being useful. Confident of their own talents, they have disdained to submit to habits of application; their passions have enslaved them; inconstancy has barred their way to useful attainments; false objects of emulation have led them astray; improper attachments have confirmed the delusions of passion; and they have finally sunk into uselessness, contempt, and misery. Such examples, unhappily too frequent, are beacons set up to warn those who are beginning the voyage of life; or rather, they are the dreary tokens of shipwreck, marking those rocks and shallows that have been fatal to others.

Walker.

VI. THE MAN OF TRUE HONOUR.

IN order to discern in what man's true honour consists, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what intitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.—A mind superiour to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection: such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who, in no situation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest

and

and happiness; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word you can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives you; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: one, in fine, whom, independent of any views of advantage, you would choose for a superiour, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother:—this is the man, whom, in your heart, above all others, you do, you must, honour. *Blair.*

VII. ON FORTITUDE OF MIND.

It is of the utmost importance to youth, to acquire firmness and fortitude of mind. There is no principle in human nature that is attended with a train of more dreadful consequences, than that facility of manners, that simplicity of disposition, that weakness of soul, which is easily persuaded to comply with every proposal. This good-nature, as it is falsely called, is the worst nature in the world; and is the occasion of more calamities, and of more crimes, than the actual inclination to wickedness. To oppose the actual vicious inclination, Almighty God hath endued us with an understanding to discern its evil, and with a conscience to check its progress; but this pernicious feebleness of mind has the appearance of sociability and of virtue; and, by that appearance, deceives us to our ruin.

Persons of such a character make no original efforts of mind. They seem born to enlist under a leader, and are the sinners or the saints of accident. Fortitude of mind, and strength of resolution, are requisite for every purpose of human life. In particular, they are necessary to keep us from the contagion of evil example. Let us be cautious in laying down resolutions: let us be cautious in concerting plans of action: but when we have once resolved, let us be immutable. When we have chosen the right path, let us hold on, though the temptations of life should beset us on one hand, and the terrors of death on the other; not suffering the commotions of the world, nor even the changes of nature, to
shake

shake or disturb the more steadfast purpose of our souls. The most valuable of all possessions is a strenuous and a steady mind, a self-deciding spirit, prepared, as occasion requires, to act, to suffer, or to die. *Logan.*

VIII. FOLLY OF AN IRREGULAR COURSE OF LIFE.

It is a maxim established by the sad experience of ages, that "Evil communication corrupts good manners." The power of nature and of conscience, and the influence of a religious education, may, for a while, withstand the shock, but these will gradually be overpowered and yield to the impetuosity of the torrent. Hence follow the painful struggles between reason and the senses, between conscience and inclination, which constitute a state of the utmost misery and torment. Such persons, when they are carousing in the gay circle of their acquaintance, when the blood is warm and the spirits high, will then go all lengths with their fellow debauchees, and give a loose to every wanton and every wicked desire. But, when the calm forenoon hour of reflection comes; then conscience, faithful to its trust, summons them to her awful bar, fills them with confusion and remorse, and condemns them to the severest of all tortures, to be extended on the rack of reflection, to lie upon the torture of the mind.—This is a state in which great part of mankind live and die. They have as much corruption as to lead them to the commission of new sins, and as much religion as to awaken in them remorse for these sins. They repent of their old vicious pleasures, and at the same time are laying plans for new ones, and make their lives one continued course of sinning and repenting, of transgression and remorse. *Logan.*

IX. ON RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

RETIREMENT and meditation open a source of new and better entertainment than you meet with in the world. You will soon find that the world does not perform what it promises. The circle of earthly enjoyments is narrow and circumscribed; the career of sensual pleasure is soon run; and, when the novelty is over, the charm

charm is gone. Who has not felt the satiety and weariness of the king of Israel, when he cried out, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit?" Unhappy is the man who in these cases has nothing within to console him under his disappointment. Miserable is the man who has no resources within himself, who cannot enjoy his own company, who depends for happiness upon the next amusement or the news of the day.

But the wise man has treasures within himself. The hour of solitude is the hour of meditation. He communes with his heart alone. He reviews the actions of his past life. He corrects what is amiss: he rejoices in what is right: and, wiser by experience, lays the plan of his future life. The great and the noble, the wise and the learned, the pious and the good, have been lovers of serious retirement. On this field, the patriot forms schemes, the philosopher pursues his discoveries, the saint improves himself in wisdom and goodness. Solitude is the hallowed ground which Religion in every age has adopted as her own. There her sacred inspiration is felt, and her holy mysteries elevate the soul: there devotion lifts up the voice; there falls the tear of contrition; there the heart pours itself forth before him who made, and him who redeemed it. Apart from men, you live with nature, and converse with God. *Logan.*

X. AGAINST THE INDULGENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

It will be our wisdom to be always on our guard against such principles as obviously favour and encourage the indulgence of our passions. Every passion is prone to justify itself, and to lay hold on every thing that can serve this purpose. Whenever we call in our passions and inclinations as counsellors, we shall see and reason no farther than they allow us. The passions are naturally eloquent, and plead vehemently in their own cause: but their oratory will almost certainly be false and sophistical, in those points which relate to their own gratification. Let us therefore have a jealous eye on all those principles which help to justify us in the unrestrained indulgence of them. Mankind are so formed, that they cannot

cannot be easy in their own minds, without some kind of reasoning by which they may defend their own conduct. When therefore they find that they cannot, or rather do not bring up their own conduct to the known, established, and authorised standard of virtuous behaviour, they immediately set about bringing down their principles to their practice.

Thus some encourage themselves in the almost unbounded indulgence of their inclinations, on this principle, that God has planted all our passions in us, and that he would not have given them to us, unless he had intended that we should gratify them.—But they never reflect, that God has likewise planted reason and conscience within us, for this purpose, that we should regulate all our gratifications by the rules of true moderation, of pure virtue, and of genuine religion.

Others again justify themselves in all their irregularities and excesses by pleading, that the temptations to indulge in all kinds of pleasures are so strong, that it is far beyond their power to resist and surmount them. But this is only a pretence: it is the want of will and determined resolution, not the want of power, that makes us yield to the impulse of every inclination or passion that happens to be uppermost. God has implanted in the mind of man a power of will and resolution, which, when exerted in a determined manner, is capable of overcoming every difficulty, and of braving every danger. And the strength of this resolution is ever countenanced and supported by Heaven, when it is exerted on the side, or in the cause, of virtue and righteousness. Nay, let those persons who pretend that the temptations to vice are altogether irresistible, be told, that the point of honour in the fashionable world, demands something to be done by them much more difficult than any thing that virtue and the law of God demand of us; and they will see how, in support of honour, the innate strength of the human mind displays itself in all its vigour. Strange! that men should exert the firmest fortitude in obedience to the laws of manners, and manners too, which reason can scarcely approve; and yet shall plead that we are quite

quite weak and incapable of any manly efforts in obedience to the laws of virtue and of God, on which the chief happiness and glory of rational beings depend.

Others make themselves easy in courses which they are conscious are not right, on the principle, that their follies, irregularities, and even great vices, are only the mere infirmities of nature, and that God is good and merciful, and will not call them to a severe account for them. But such persons ought to consider, that God has, in the constitution of Nature and the course of Providence, annexed punishments to vice even in this world, and such punishments as sooner or later will unavoidably follow upon a continued indulgence in vicious conduct. And if the face of God is set against wickedness of all kinds, so that it is actually punished under his government in this world, what ground can there be to hope, that under the same government in another world it shall escape unpunished? It is true that God is good: He is goodness itself. "God is love, and dwells in love." But it is the goodness of an universal governor, which requires, that the authority of his laws be preserved, and that every transgression unrepented of and unamended should meet with a proper treatment. And as vice is the reproach of our nature, the natural source of misery to ourselves, and of hurt to others, so the very principle of goodness will lead the all-gracious Governor of the world to inflict deserved punishments on all the incorrigible workers of iniquity. *Leechman.*

XI. ON THE DISSOLUTION OF ALL VISIBLE THINGS.

EVERY thing around us is subject to dissolution, and is actually dissolving. Every year, we behold proofs and symptoms of this. The flowers wither and the corn is cut down: trees and shrubs drop their leaves and wear symptoms of decay: the mountain oak, which flourished for ages, now stands a blighted trunk, inspiring melancholy. Places, renowned of old for beauty and defence, are known to us only by their names. Here and there are ruins of temples where our fathers worshipped. Of Jerusalem and the temple on Mount Zion, of
O which

which such glorious things are said, there is not one stone left upon another. Babylon the great is fallen. Families, and states, and empires, have their rise, and glory, and decline. The earth itself is waxing old. The sun, and stars, and elements, shall at last dissolve. Years, as they pass, speak to us of the consummation of all things. Listen to their parting voice. In still, but solemn language, they tell of the Angel, who shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, "Time shall be no more." *Charters.*

SECTION VII.

SPEECHES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I. SPEECH OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, IN THE YEAR 1732,
ON A MOTION RESPECTING THE NUMBER OF TROOPS
PROPOSED TO BE KEPT UP IN THE ARMY.

MR. SPEAKER.—I find the gentlemen who oppose the motion made by my honourable friend, have all along argued, as if the number of forces now proposed were to be kept up against law, or to be continued for ever; whereas the very design of the motion made to this house, is in order to have a law for keeping them up; and all that the gentleman wants by his motion is, that they shall be continued for this year only. The case then before us is this: Whether it will be more proper, and more for the benefit of the nation, to keep up the
number

number proposed for one year, or, by an ill-timed frugality, to reduce some part of them, and thereby expose the nation to be contemned and despised by our neighbours round us, and that at a time when the public tranquillity is but just settled, and before we can know whether some of our neighbouring powers are satisfied or not. Nations, as well as private men, must accommodate their measures to the times in which they live. The circumstances of Europe are now much altered from what they were in former days. But a few ages ago there was no such thing in Europe as what we now call a standing army: there was nothing but the militia of any country; and therefore it was no way necessary for us to have any thing else. If we quarrelled with any of our neighbours, we were sure they had nothing but militia to bring against us. Our militia was, and I hope is still, as good as theirs; but I do not believe that any man will say, that the militia of any country can be made fully as good as regular troops, bred up to discipline, and accustomed to command, for many years: the thing is impossible, and is so looked on by all the Powers of Europe. There is not a sovereign state in Europe which does not keep a body of regular troops in its pay; and therefore it is become in a manner absolutely necessary for us to keep some: we must have some regular troops to oppose to those that may upon sudden emergency be brought against us, and to obstruct their passage, till we have time to raise more. The only question is, how great a number we ought to keep; in what manner they ought to be kept up, and so as not to be dangerous to our constitution.

As to the preventing of any danger arising from the regular forces kept up, I do not think there can be a better method proposed than that of keeping them up only by authority of parliament, and continuing them only from year to year. By this method, Sir, they must always be dependent on, and subservient to, the parliament or people; and, consequently, can never be made use of for any thing but the preservation and safety of the people against all attempts foreign and domestic;

metlic; and while they are kept up in this manner, they will always be a terrour to our enemies, without subjecting us to any of those misfortunes into which other countries have fallen. A standing army, I find, is represented by some gentlemen, who have spoken upon the other side of the question, as not to be depended upon, even by the king whose service they are in. I grant that an army of British subjects, whatever way kept up or modelled, is not to be trusted to by a king who makes any attempts upon the liberties of the people: but if an army raised and maintained without the consent of parliament is not to be trusted to by a king who has such designs, how much less can any man depend, for the execution of such designs, upon an army such as we have at present; an army raised, kept up, and maintained, by the people; an army that may be dismissed by them when they please; and an army that is commanded by gentlemen of some of the best estates and families amongst us, who never can be supposed capable of joining in any measures for enslaving a country, where they have so great an interest, and where their ancestors have so often signalized themselves in the cause of liberty? It is not therefore to be imagined, that such an army can ever be of any dangerous consequence to our liberties, were it even much more numerous than it is proposed to be.

II. SPEECH OF MR PULTNEY ON THE SAME OCCASION.

SIR,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other designation. A standing army is a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one
lost

lost their liberties. It is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so: I hope it is so. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army: I believe they would not join in any such measures. But their lives are uncertain; nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command: they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander: he must not consult his own inclinations. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it: he dares not disobey: immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote—I know what would be the duty of this house—I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby.—But,

Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any house of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things : I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army ; not only from an English army, but from an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them. If an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general ; but, when that case happens, I am afraid that instead of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament ; as has been done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case : for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament ; they were an army raised and maintained according to law ; and, at first, they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army. For that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary succession. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors ? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right ! A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened

to

to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continue, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke?—We are now come to the Rubicon. Our army is now to be reduced, or it never will. From his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad: we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time; if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king and ministry, who shall take it into their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

III. SPEECH OF MR HORACE WALPOLE, 1740, IN RE-
PROOF OF MR PITT.

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their
influence,

influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance.—Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamour of rage and petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives; which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches unsupported by evidence affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of administration,) to prove the inconveniencies and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

IV. MR PITT'S REPLY.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I
may

may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue and become more wicked with less temptation, who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and, though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which al-

ways

ways brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery.—I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

V. SPEECH OF MR PITT, IN 1742, ON A MOTION FOR AN INQUIRY INTO THE CONDUCT OF MINISTERS.

SIR,—I know not by what fatality the adversaries of the motion are impelled to assist their antagonists and contribute to their own overthrow, by suggesting, whenever they attempt to oppose it, new arguments against themselves.

It has been long observed, that when men are drawing near to destruction, they are apparently deprived of their understanding, and contribute by their own folly to those calamities with which they are threatened, but which might, by a different conduct, be sometimes delayed. This has surely now happened to the veteran advocates for an absolute and unaccountable ministry, who have discovered on this occasion, by the weakness of their resistance, that their abilities are declining; and I cannot but hope that the omen will be fulfilled, and that their infatuation will be quickly followed by their ruin.

To touch in this debate on our domestic affairs, to mention the distribution of the public money, and to discover their fears lest the ways in which it has been disbursed should by this enquiry be discovered, to recall to the minds of their opponents the immense sums which have been annually demanded, and of which no account has

has been yet given, is surely the lowest degree of weakness and imprudence.

I am so far from being convinced that any danger can arise from this inquiry, that I believe the nation can only be injured by a long neglect of such examinations; and that a minister is only formidable, when he has exempted himself by a kind of prescription from exposing his accounts, and has long had an opportunity of employing the public money in multiplying his dependents, enriching his hirelings, enslaving boroughs, and corrupting senates.

That these have been in reality the purposes for which the taxes of many years have been squandered, is sufficiently apparent without an inquiry. We have wasted sums with which the French, in pursuance of their new scheme of increasing their influence, would have been able to purchase the submission of half the nations of the earth, and with which the monarchs of Europe might have been held dependent on a nod; these they have wasted, only to sink our country into disgrace, to heighten the spirit of impotent enemies, to destroy our commerce, and distress our colonies. We have patiently suffered, during a peace of twenty years, those taxes to be extorted from us, by which a war might have been supported against the most powerful nation, and have seen them engulphed in the boundless expences of the government, without being able to discover any other effect from them than the establishment of ministerial tyranny.

There has, indeed, been among the followers of the court a regular subordination, and exact obedience; nor has any man been found hardy enough to reject the dictates of the grand visier. Every man who has received his pay, has, with great cheerfulness, complied with his commands; and every man who has held any post or office under the crown, has evidently considered himself as enlisted by the minister.

But the visible influence of places, however destructive to the constitution, is not the chief motive of an inquiry. An inquiry implies something secret, and is intended

intended to discover the private methods of extending dependence and propagating corruption; the methods by which the people have been influenced to choose those men for representatives whose principles they detest, and whose conduct they condemn; and by which those whom their country has chosen for the guardians of its liberties, have been induced to support in this House, measures, which, in every other place, they have made no scruple to censure.

When we shall examine the distribution of the public treasure; when we shall inquire by what conduct we have been debarred from the honours of war, and, at the same time, deprived of the blessings of peace; to what causes it is to be imputed, that our debts have remained during the long-continued tranquillity of Europe, nearly in the state to which they were raised by fighting at our own expence, the general quarrel of mankind; and why the sinking fund (a kind of inviolable deposit appropriated to the payment of our creditors and the mitigation of our taxes) has been from year to year diverted to very different uses;—we shall find, that our treasure has been exhausted, not to humble foreign enemies or obviate domestic insurrections; not to support our allies or suppress our factions; but for ends, which no man who feels the love of his country yet unextinguished can name without horror—the purchase of alliances and the hire of votes; the corruption of the people and the exaltation of France.

Such are the discoveries which I am not afraid to declare that I expect from the inquiry; and therefore I cannot but think it necessary. If those to whom the administration of affairs has been for twenty years committed, have betrayed their trust; if they have invaded the public rights with the public treasure, and made use of the dignities which their country has conferred upon them, only to enslave it; who will not confess, that they ought to be delivered up to speedy justice? that they ought to be set as land-marks to posterity, to warn those who shall hereafter launch out on the ocean of affluence and power, not to be too confident of a prosper-

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ous gale, but to remember, that there are rocks on which whoever rushes must inevitably perish? If they are innocent (and far be it from me to declare them guilty without examination) whom will this inquiry injure? or what effects will it produce, but that which every man appears to desire, the re-establishment of the public tranquillity, a firm confidence in the justice and wisdom of the government, and a general reconciliation of the people to the ministers?

VI. SPEECH OF ARTABANES TO HIS BROTHER, DARIUS KING OF PERSIA, ON HIS PROPOSING TO MAKE WAR AGAINST THE SCYTHIANS.

THEY who form any important enterprize, ought carefully to consider, whether it will be beneficial or injurious to the state; whether the execution of it will be easy or difficult; whether it be likely to augment or diminish their glory; and, lastly, whether the thing designed be consistent with, or contrary to, the rules of justice. For my part, I cannot perceive, Sir, even though you were sure of success, what advantage you can propose to yourself in undertaking a war against the Scythians. Consider the vast distance between them and you, and the prodigious space of land and sea that separates them from your dominions. Besides, they are a people that dwell in wild and uncultivated deserts; that have neither towns nor houses; that have no fixed settlement or places of habitation; and that are destitute of all manner of riches. What spoil or benefit can accrue to your troops from such an expedition? or, to speak more properly, what loss have you not reason to apprehend?

As they are accustomed to remove from country to country, if they should think proper to fly before you (not out of cowardice or fear, for they are a very courageous and warlike people, but only with a design to harrafs and ruin your army by continual and fatiguing marches) what would become of us, in such an uncultivated, barren, and naked country, where we shall neither find forage for our horses, nor provisions for our

men? I am afraid, Sir, that through a false notion of glory and the influence of flatterers, you may be hurried into a war which may turn to the dishonour of the nation. You now enjoy the sweets of peace and tranquillity in the midst of your people, where you are the object of their admiration and the promoter of their happiness. Is not the glory of a king who loves his subjects and is beloved by them; who, instead of making war against neighbouring or distant nations, makes use of his power to keep them in peace and amity with each other; is not such a glory vastly preferable to that of ravaging and spoiling nations? of filling the earth with slaughter and desolation, with horror, consternation, and despair?

But there is one motive more which ought to have a greater influence upon you than all others, I mean that of justice. Thanks to the gods, you are not of the number of those princes, who acknowledge no other law than that of force, and who imagine they have a peculiar privilege annexed to their dignity, which private persons have not, of invading other men's properties. You do not make your greatness consist in being able to do whatever you will, but in willing only what may be done, without infringing the laws or violating justice. To speak plain, shall one man be reckoned unjust and a robber, for seizing on a few acres of his neighbour's estate; and shall another be reckoned just and great, and have the title of hero, only because he seizes upon and usurps whole provinces? Permit me, Sir, to ask you, what title you have to Scythia? What injury have the Scythians done to you? What reason can you alledge for declaring war against them? The war, indeed, in which you have been engaged against the Babylonians, was, at the same time, both just and necessary. The gods have accordingly crowned your arms with success. It belongs to you, Sir, to judge whether that which you propose now to undertake, be a war of the same nature.

Rollin.

VII. SPEECH OF JUNIUS BRUTUS (WHO, WITH A MULTITUDE OF PLEBEIANS, HAD RETIRED FROM ROME ON ACCOUNT OF THE TYRANNY OF THE PATRICIANS) TO HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS, AND TO A DEPUTATION FROM THE ROMAN SENATORS.

ONE would imagine, fellow soldiers, by this deep silence, that you are still awed by that servile fear in which the Patricians have kept you so long. Every man consults the eyes of the rest, to discover whether there be more resolution in others than he finds in himself; and not one of you has the courage to speak in public that which is the constant subject of your private conversation. Do you not know that you are free? This camp, these arms, do not they convince you that you are no longer under tyrants? And if you could still doubt it, would not this step which the senate has taken be sufficient to satisfy you? Those Patricians, so haughty and imperious, now send to court us: they no longer make use either of proud commands or cruel threats: they invite us as their fellow-citizens, to return into our common city: nay, some of our sovereigns, you see, are so gracious as to come to our very camp, to offer us a general pardon. Whence, then, can proceed this obstinate silence, after such singular condescensions! If you doubt the sincerity of their promises; if you fear, that, under the veil of a few fine words, they conceal your former chains, why do you not speak? Declare your thoughts freely. Or, if you dare not open your mouths, at least hear a Roman, who has courage enough to fear nothing but the not speaking the truth.

You invite us, Senators, to return to Rome; but you do not tell us upon what conditions. Can Plebeians, poor, though free, think of being united with Patricians, so rich, and so ambitious? And, even though we should agree to the conditions you have to offer, what security will the Patricians give us for the performance; those haughty Patricians, who make it a merit among themselves to have deceived the people? You talk to us of nothing but pardon and forgiveness, as if we were your

subjects, and subjects in rebellion : but that is the point to be discussed. Is it the people or the senate who are in fault ? Which of the two orders was it that first violated those laws of society which ought to reign among the members of the same republic ? This is the question. In order to judge of this without prejudice, give me leave barely to relate a certain number of facts, for the truth of which I will appeal to no other but yourselves. To revenge your wrongs, we drove Tarquin from Rome ; we took arms against a sovereign who defended himself only with the prayers he made to us to leave your interests and to return to his obedience. We afterwards cut to pieces the armies which endeavoured to restore him to the throne. The formidable power of Porfenna, the famine we underwent during a long siege, the fierce assaults, the continual battles, were all the ^{se}e, or, in short, was any thing capable of shaking the faith which we had given you ? Thirty Latin cities united to restore the Tarquins. What would you have done then, if we had abandoned you and joined your enemies ? What rewards might we not have obtained of Tarquin, while the senate and nobles would have been the victims of his resentment ? Who was it that dispersed this dangerous combination ? To whom are you obliged for the defeat of the Latins ? Is it not to this people ? Is it not to them you owe that very power which you have since turned against them ? What recompense have we had for the assistance we gave you ? Is the condition of the Roman people one jot the better ? Have you associated them in your offices and dignities ? Have our poor citizens found so much as the smallest relief in their necessities ! On the contrary, have not our bravest soldiers, oppressed with the weight of usury, been groaning in the chains of their merciless creditors ? What has become of all those vain promises of abolishing, in time of peace, the debts which the extortions of the great had forced us to contract ? Scarcely was the war finished, when you alike forgot our services and your oaths. With what design then do you come hither ? Why do you try to seduce this people by the enchantments of
your

your words? Are there any oaths so solemn as to bind your faith? And, after all, what would you get by an union, brought about by artifice, kept up with mutual distrust, and which must end at last in a civil war? Let us on both sides avoid such heavy misfortunes: let us not lose the happiness of our separation: suffer us to depart from a country where we are loaded with chains like so many slaves, and where, being reduced to be only farmers of our own inheritances, we are forced to cultivate them for the profit of our tyrants. So long as we have swords in our hands, we shall be able to open to ourselves a way into more fortunate climates; and wherever the gods shall grant us to live in liberty, there shall we find our country.

Hooke.

VIII. SPEECH OF MARCUS VALERIUS, IN THE ROMAN SENATE, ON A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS CONCERNING THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

WE are made to fear, that the public liberty will be in danger, if we grant so much power to the people, and allow them to try those of our order who shall be accused by the tribunes. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that nothing is more likely to preserve it. The republic consists of two orders, Patricians and Plebeians. The question is, which of those two orders may more safely be trusted with the guardianship of that sacred deposit, our liberty. I maintain, that it will be more secure in the hands of the people, who desire only not to be oppressed, than in those of the nobles, who all have a violent thirst of dominion. The nobles, invested with the prime magistracies, distinguished by their birth, their wealth, and their honours, will always be powerful enough to hold the people to their duty; and the people, when they have the authority of the laws, being naturally jealous of all exalted power, will watch over the actions of the great, and, by the dread of a popular inquiry and judgment, keep a check upon the ambition of such Patricians as might be tempted to aspire to tyranny.

You abolished the royalty, Fathers, because the au-
P 3
thority.

thority of a single man grew exorbitant. Not satisfied with dividing the sovereign power between two annual magistrates, you gave them a council of three hundred senators, to be inspectors over their conduct, and moderators of their authority. But this senate, so formidable to the kings and to the consuls, has nothing in the republic to balance its power. I know very well, that, hitherto, there is all the reason in the world to applaud its moderation. But who can say whether we are not obliged for this to our fear of enemies abroad, and to those continual wars which we have been forced to maintain? Who will be answerable that our successors, grown more haughty and potent by a long peace, shall not make attempts upon the liberty of our country, and that, in the senate, there shall not arise some strong faction, whose leader will find means to become the tyrant of his country, if there be not, at the same time, some other power, out of the senate, to withstand such ambitious enterprises, by impeaching the authors and abettors of them before the people.

Perhaps the question will be asked me, Whether the same inconveniency is not to be apprehended from the people, and whether it is possible to make sufficient provision, that there shall not at some time arise among the Plebeians a head of a party, who will abuse his influence over the minds of the multitude, and, under the old pretence of defending the people's interests, in the end invade both their liberty and that of the senate? But, you well know, that, upon the least danger which the republic may seem to be in on that side, our consuls have power to name a dictator, whom they will never choose but from among your own body; that this supreme magistrate, absolute master of the lives of his fellow-citizens, is able by his sole authority to dissipate a popular faction; and the wisdom of our laws has allowed him that formidable power but for six months, for fear he should abuse it, and employ, in the establishment of his own tyranny, an authority intrusted with him only to destroy that of any other ambitious men.

Thus, with a mutual inspection, the senate will be
watchful

watchful over the behaviour of the consuls ; the people over that of the senate ; and the dictator, when the state of affairs requires the intervention of such a magistrate, will curb the ambition of all. The more eyes there are upon the conduct of every branch of our legislature, the more secure will be our liberty, and the more perfect our constitution. *Hooke.*

IX. PART OF CICERO'S ORATION IN DEFENCE OF MILO
FOR KILLING CLODIUS.

EVERY circumstance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live ; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius : that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred ; on the other, not the least : that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them : that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius ; whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo : that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return : that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary : that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning : that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his : that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark ; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt, or deliberation upon that ? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building.—Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement ? or was he not rather expected

pected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now; in the first place, falling out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? in the evening; what urged him? late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Alifium. To see his house? he had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

But if, my Lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had intrusted with the care of the whole republic: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause.

X. SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS, EXCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH VIGOUR.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have heard the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there would have been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me intreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising: for, as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances: from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained, in which we engaged, in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state;

state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be inrolled to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, “What, is Philip dead?” “No,” it is answered; “but he is very ill.” How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has
made

made him what he is, but your indolence ; which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take : whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither ; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time ; but, in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

O shame to the Athenian name ! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us ; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For, who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him ? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it ? And who will oblige him ? Who will restrain his fury ? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country ?—In the name of all that is sacred and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this tyrant. Let us remember this ; that he is our enemy ; that he hath spoiled us of our dominions ;
that

that we have long been subject to his insolence ; that whatever we expected to be done for us by others hath proved against us ; and that all the resource left is in ourselves : then shall we come to a proper determination ; then shall we give the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

PART

PART II.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

SECTION VI.

POETICAL PIECES IN RHYME.

I. THE TOWN-MOUSE AND COUNTRY-MOUSE.

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country-mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town-mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord :
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul.
He brought him bacon, nothing lean ;
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make ;
But with'd it Stilton for his sake.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat :
" But then, my friend, this savage scene !
" For Heaven's sake, come, live with men :
" Consider, mice, like men, must die,
" Both small and great, both you and I :

Q

" Then

" Then spend your life in joy and sport.—

" This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation

May yield, Heaven knows, to strong temptation:

Away they come, through thick and thin,

To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:

'Twas on the night of a debate,

When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where, if a poet

Shin'd in description, he might show it;

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,

And tips with silver all the walls;

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,

Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:

But let it, in a word, be said,

The moon was up, and men a-bed:

The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,

And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish;

Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish:

" That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;

" Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."

Was ever such a happy swain?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude

" To eat so much—but all's so good!

" I have a thousand thanks to give—

" My lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall

Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:

" A rat! a rat! clap to the door."

The cat came bounding on the floor!

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or gods to save them in a trice!—

" An't please your honour," quoth the peasant;

" This same desert is not so pleasant:

" Give me again my hollow tree,

" A crust of bread, and liberty."

Espe.

II. THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies, which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superiour grace enchants
 The face which nature's pencil paints!
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart!
 Where freedom and good-humour sit,
 And easy gaiety and wit!
 Though perfect beauty be not there,
 The master lines, the finish'd air,
 We catch from ev'ry look delight,
 And grow enamour'd at the sight:
 For beauty, though we all approve,
 Excites our wonder more than love;
 While the agreeable strikes sure,
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
 The shrillest of the cackling train,
 With proud and elevated crest,
 Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
 Who say geese hobble in their pace;
 Look here!—the stand'rous lie detect;
 Not haughty man is so erect.
 That peacock yonder!—see, how vain
 The creature's of his gaudy train!
 If both were stripp'd, I'd pawn my word
 A goose would be the finer bird.
 Nature, to hide her own defects,
 Her bungled work with finery decks:
 Were geese set off with half that show,
 Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the meads she stalks:
 The cackling breed attend her walks.

The sun shot down his noon-tide beams:
 The swans were sporting in the streams,
 Their snowy plumes and stately pride
 Provok'd her spleen. Why there, the cry'd,
 Again what arrogance we see!
 Those creatures! how they mimic me!
 Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,
 Because we geese are known to swim?
 Humility they soon shall learn,
 And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
 Lightly upon the wave she springs;
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the swan's stately crest assumes.
 Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superiour to the rest,
 Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
 Thy affectation all deride:
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,
 And show thee plainly as thou art.
 Among thy equals of the flock
 Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
 And, as thy parts to good conduce,
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules:
 Know fopp'ry's the pride of fools;
 And, striving nature to conceal,
 You only her defects reveal.

Moore.

III. THE MAN, CAT, DOG, AND FLY.

NATURE expects mankind should share
 The duties of the public care.
 Who's born for sloth? To some we find
 The plough-share's annual toil assign'd;
 Some at the sounding anvil glow;
 Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide;

Some

Some (taught by industry) impart
 With hands and feet the works of art ;
 While some, of genius more refin'd,
 With head and tongue assist mankind :
 Each, aiming at one common end,
 Proves to the whole a needful friend.
 Thus, born each other's useful aid,
 By turns are obligations paid.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
 To man their services address'd :
 While each pursu'd its selfish good,
 They hunger'd for precarious food ;
 Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd ;
 One day they fed, and starv'd the next :
 They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
 Was found alone in social life ;
 That mutual industry profess'd
 The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean, and weak,
 Demands the privilege to speak.

Well Puss (says man), and what can you
 To benefit the public do ?

The Cat replies ; These teeth, these claws,
 With vigilance shall serve the cause :
 The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
 No longer shall your feasts pollute ;
 Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
 With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says man, to general use
 Your parts and talents may conduce ;
 For rats and mice purloin our grain,
 And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
 Thus shall the cat, a foe to spoil,
 Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then, turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
 Well, Sir ; be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
 We seem to own a friendless cause.
 Ask those who know me, if distrust
 E'er found me treacherous or unjust.

Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
 Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
 My vigilance and trusty zeal,
 Perhaps might serve the public weal.
 Might not your flocks in safety feed,
 Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
 Did I the nightly watches keep,
 Could thieves invade you while you sleep?
 The man replies, 'Tis just and right,
 Rewards such service should requite.
 So rare, in property we find
 Trust uncorrupt among mankind:
 That, taken in a public view,
 The first distinction is your due.
 Such merits all rewards transcend;
 Be then my comrade and my friend.
 Addressing now the Fly. From you
 What public service can accrue?
 From me! the flutt'ring insect said;
 I thought you knew me better bred.
 Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit,
 That I to industry submit?
 Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
 By business earn ignoble bread:
 Lost in excess of daily joys,
 No thought, no care, my life annoys.
 At noon (the lady's matin hour)
 I sip the tea's delicious flower:
 On cates luxuriously I dine,
 And drink the fragrance of the vine:
 Studious of elegance and ease,
 Myself alone I seek to please.
 The man his pert conceit derides,
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides.
 Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
 No idle fool deserves to eat.
 Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
 And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
 Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
 To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?
 Consider,

Consider, yet, what would ensue,
 Were all such worthless things as you.
 Besides, vain selfish insect, learn
 (If you can right and wrong discern)
 That he who with industrious zeal,
 Contributes to the public weal,
 By adding to the common good,
 His own hath rightly understood.

IV. HYMN ON GRATITUDE:

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves to pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
 Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er;
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,
 Hath doubl'd all my store.
 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
 Through all eternity, to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For O, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!

Addison.

V. ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove
 And tune the rural pipe to love,
 I envy'd not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While,

While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood;
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout, in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
 And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
 And shepherds, piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
 And industry, embrown'd with toil;
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Smollet.

VI. THE CHARMS OF THE VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease!
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on every charm!
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill, the village-murmur rose;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
 The swain, responsive as the milkmaid sung;
 The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young;

The

The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children, just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whiff'ring wind;
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind:
 These all, in lost confusion, sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

VII. THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where, once, the garden smil'd,
 And, still, where many a garden-flow'r grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich—with forty pounds a-year.
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
 Unpractis'd he, to fawn or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise,

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,

He

He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd;
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise;
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given:
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

Goldsmith.

VIII. THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence, that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village-master taught his little school.—
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well; and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in sight,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write—and cipher too.

Lands

Lands he could measure ; terms and tides preface ;
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill ;
 For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still :
 While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head—could carry all he knew.

Goldsmith.

IX. ON REASON, SELF-LOVE, AND THE PASSIONS.

Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain :
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move, or govern all.
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend ;
 And, but for this, were active to no end ;
 Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires :
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire ;
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire :
 But, greedy, that its object would devour ;
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
 Modes of self-love the passions we may call :
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every good we can divide,
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under reason, and deserve her care ;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim ;
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
 In lazy apathy let stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;

Contracted

Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale:
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy?
 Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
 These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pope

X. ON CRITICISM.

A PERFECT judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit as its author writ,
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.
 In wit, as nature, what effects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

Others for *language* all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for dress.
 Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
 The rest they humbly take upon content.

R

Words

Words are like leaves ; and, where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place :
 The face of nature we no more survey ;
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :
 But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 But most by *numbers* judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
 In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar ;
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move flow ;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;

Now

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound ! *Pope.*

XI. THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age, a rev'rend hermit grew :
 'The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days ;
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey.
 'This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives, impress,
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks ; the trees, depending, grow ;
 And skies, beneath, with answering colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side ;
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt ; to know the world by sight ;
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell : the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before :
 Then, with the sun, a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And, soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.

Then, near approaching, Father, hail ! he cried ;
And, Hail, my son ! the rev'rend fire reply'd :
Words follow'd words ; from question answer flow'd ;
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
'Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ;
'Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun : the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray :
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose ;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose :
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet, still, the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the livery'd servants wait :
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
The table groans with costly piles of food ;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn ; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh, o'er the gay parterres, the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe—
His cup was vanish'd ; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who sees a serpent in his way
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;

So seem'd the fire, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopt with silence; walk'd with trembling heart;
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds:
 The changing skies hang out their sable-clouds;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain;
 And beasts, to covert, scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground;
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts, with sudden fury, blew;
 The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began;
 And o'er their heads, loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
 At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
 Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care;
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly grant'd) serv'd them both to dine;
 And, when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pond'ring hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But, what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord own'd before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But, now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opens an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat;
And the glad-master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky; }
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh: }
The soil improv'd around; the mansion neat;
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind;
Content, and, not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet;
Then, blest the mansion and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies.

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come; for him accept it here;
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke; and bade the welcome table spread:
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the graye household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride—
O strange return!—grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
 Perplex'd with roads : a servant show'd the way.
 A river cross'd the path. The passage o'er
 Was nice to find : the servant trode before :
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd ;
 And, deep, the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in :
 Plunging, he falls ; and, rising, lifts his head ;
 Then, flashing, turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch !—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

'Though loud, at first, the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends ;
 And, in a calm, his settling temper ends.
 But silence, here, the beauteous angel broke :
 'The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.

Then

Then know the truth of government divine ;
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
In this the right of providence is laid :
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will ;
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just ;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food ;
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine ;
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine ;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost ;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl ;
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head :
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow ;
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trode,
But, now, the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age)—for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dosage run !
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go ;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

But

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal ;
 And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew :
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view ;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun—
 “ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.”
 Then, gladly turning, fought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace. *Parnell.*

XII. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds :
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,—
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure :
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
'The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around the firews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate :
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
' Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on th' accusom'd hill,
' Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
' Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The next, with dirges due, in sad array
' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne :
' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere :
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery all he had—a tear :
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father and his God.

Gray.
XIII.

XVI. SONG ON SHAKESPEARE.

THOU soft flowing Avon ! by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet SHAKESPEARE would
dream.

The fairies, by moon-light, dance round his green bed—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-fighting swain,
Here rove without danger and sigh without pain ;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon ! in song ever flow ;
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow :
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread—
And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

Garrick.

SECTION II.

POETICAL PIECES IN BLANK VERSE.

I. APPROACH OF SPRING, AND THE LABOURS OF THE
FIELD IN THAT SEASON, DESCRIBED.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,

8

White

While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

And see where furly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd,
To shake the sounding marsh ; or, from the shore,
The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and, unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song, and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White, thro' the neighbouring fields, the sower stalks,
With measur'd step ; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow !
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year ! No ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung
 To wide imperial ROME, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind :
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
 Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea,
 Far through his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and, from a thousand shores,
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So, with superior boon, may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be the exhaustless granary of a world ! *Thomson.*

II. EVENING, AFTER A SPRING SHOWER.

THUS, all day long, the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 The illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,

Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And, to the sage instructed eye, unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
 Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade; and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. *Thomson.*

III. INFLUENCE OF SPRING ON MAN.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing the infusive force of Spring on Man;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove
 Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away! *But*

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
 Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
 Can restless goodness wait: your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feeds an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till, at last, sublim'd
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world!

Thomson.

IV. HAY-MAKING AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek:
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'er-charg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay : while heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 'The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides ; and oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in.
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
 'Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly-disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd
 Head above head ; and rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous talk goes on apace :
 Some, mingling, stir the melted tar ; and some,
 Deep on the new-thorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp the master's cypher, ready stand :
 Others the unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd :
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who, having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again. *Thomson.*

VI. A STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING ; WITH THE
 STORY OF CELADON AND AMELIA.

BEHOLD, slow settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and, in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.

Prompt.

Prone, to the lowest vale, the æreal tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all :
 When, to the startled eye, the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n,
 The tempest growls : but, as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve and more
 The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts, and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.
 And yet, not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace ;
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn ;
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence and undiffembling truth.
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish :
 The enchanting hope and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart ;
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life ; a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs ; and, stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love and confidence
In Heaven repress'd her fear : it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict ; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
" And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
" In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
" With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft,
" That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
" Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice,
" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
" With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
" 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
" To clasp perfection !"—From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe ! *Thomson.*

VI. STORY OF PALEMEN AND LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,

She,

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 Together, thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn,
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;
 Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild :
 So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields.—The pride
 Of swains Palemon was ; the generous and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song

Transmits

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
 (Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn)
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus, in secret, to his soul he sigh'd.

“What pity, that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said, that in some lone, obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto—who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran!
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,

Her

Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains?
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain?—O yes! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend;
 Alive his every feature, every look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah! where,
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
 O, let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
 Diffuse their warmest largest influence,
 And of my garden be the pride and joy.
 Ill it befits thee, O! it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill applied to such a rugged task:
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 If, to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!”

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor wait'd he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost—the blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,

next

While,

While, pierc'd with anxious thought, the pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours ;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. *Thomson.*

VII. HYMN TO THE DEITY, ON THE SEASONS OF THE
 YEAR.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
 Are but the *varied God*. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown ; tempest o'er tempest roll'd ;
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! A simple train ;
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But, wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,

T

Man

Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! Join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
 O talk of him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself;
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him:
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth, asleep,
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On Nature write, with every beam, his praise.
 The thunder rolls ! Be hush'd the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the great Shepherd reigns,
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves : and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all ;
 Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Rustles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the black'ning east ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles ;—'tis nought to me ;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go,
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And Better thence again, and Better still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

Thomson.

VIII. SUBJECT OF THE POEM OF PARADISE LOST.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our wo,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of chaos : or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more and Siloa's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That, with no middle flight, intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, whilst it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit ! that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark,
 Illumine : what is low, raise and support :
 That, to the height of this great argument,
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say, first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view,

Not

Nor the deep tract of hell; say, first, what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state
 Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will,
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 The infernal serpent: he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
 If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. *Milton.*

IX. ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect; with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure.
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.
 He, for God only; she, for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
 She, as a vail, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.

About them, frisking, play'd
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
 Sporting, the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent fly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now, fill'd with pasture, gazing fat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the fun
 Declin'd, was hastening now, with prone career,
 To the ocean-isles, and, in the ascending scale
 Of heaven, the stars that usher evening rose. *Milton.*

X. APPROACH OF MORNING. EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER
 TROUBLESOME DREAM.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam wak'd: so 'custom'd, for his sleep
 Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the thrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough. So much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest. He, on his side
 Leaning half-rai'd, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake. The morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us. We lose the prime, to mark how spring

Our

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On Adam : whom embracing, thus she spake.—
 O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design ;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine. It said,
 " Why sleep'st thou Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that, now awake,
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song : now reigns
 Full-orb'd the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
 Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
 If none regard : Heaven wakes with all his eyes ;
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ;
 In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."
 I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not.
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heaven
 By us oft seen : his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd :
 And, " O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd !
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet ;
 Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?

Forbid

Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
 Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold !
 But he thus overjoy'd : " O fruit divine !
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd :
 Forbidden here, it seems as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make gods of men :
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd but honour'd more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !
 Partake thou also ? happy though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,
 Thyself a goddess ; not to earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou."
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit 'held part
 Which he had pluck'd : the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various. Wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down
 And fell asleep : but O, how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream !

Milton

XL. ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

SOON as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up-risen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various style,
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips in prose or numerous verse,
 More tunable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in heaven.
 On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars! last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater: sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hath gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires! that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who, out of darkness, call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that, in quaternion, run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Vary

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise.
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains ! and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs ! warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds,
 That singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise !
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep !
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.—
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good : and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark. *Milton.*

XII. ADAM AND EVE'S REPENTANCE AFTER EATING THE
 FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

HE added not, and from her turn'd ;—but Eve,
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
 Forsake me not thus, Adam : witness heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd. Thy suppliant,
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; hereave me not
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress

My

My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me ? where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour, perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent.—On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 On me, already lost ! me, than thyself
 More miserable ! Both have sinn'd ; but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee ;
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this wo,
 Me ! only me ! just object of his ire.

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable, till peace obtain'd, from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress !
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid :
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost ;
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon :

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself ; alas !
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess

Humbly

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
 From his displeasure : in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?

So spake our father penitent : nor Eve
 Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek. *Milton.*

XIII. ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
 Their port so proud, their buskin and their plume ?
 How many sleep who kept the world awake
 With lustre and with noise ! Has Death proclaim'd
 A truce and hung his fated lance on high ?
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought :
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene :
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Profest *diversions* : cannot these escape ?
 Far from it : these present us with a shroud,
 And talk of death like garlands o'er a grave.
 As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust

Call

Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : how like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapp'd in immortality,
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deploring, to forget our *own* !

Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors :
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 While buried towns support the dancers heel.

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;
 His tomb is mortal : empires die. Where, now,
 The Roman ? Greek ?—they stalk an empty name :
 Yet few regard them in this useful light ;
 Though half our learning is their epitaph.—
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O Death, I stretch my view,—what visions rise !
 What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !—
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With pestilential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

Young.

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SECTION

SECTION III.

DIALOGUES.

I. THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Enter the King alone, as lost in Sherwood forest.

No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I am lost, quite lost, indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shews me no respect. I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.

[The report of a gun is heard.]

Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue!—Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. [*Aside*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, firrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have you not?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think. So if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account, Sir. I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority. [*Aside*.] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in

this forest, and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well : if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse ?

King. I have tired my horse, so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What ! do you live at court, and not lie ? that's a likely story indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you ; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble ; and, if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier : here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again, and take this along with it——John Cockle is no courtier ; he can do what he ought——without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee ! and thou ! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me : I believe I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend ; only I don't love to be too familiar with any body, before I know whether he deserves it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do ?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood ; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can ; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King.

King. And cannot you go with me to night?

Miller. I would not go with you to night if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think. *Dodgley*

II. LADY TOWNLY AND LADY GRACE.

Lady T. O, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here——

Lady G. Bless me! for what.

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—we have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it; sure it must be a vast happiness when man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation.

Lady T. O, the prettiest thing in the world.

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. O, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child; that never enter into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. O, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful tête à tête meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room.—At last, stretching himself and yawning—My dear, says he,—aw—you came home

very late last night.—'Twas but just turned of two, says I.—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he.—So you are every night, says I.—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late.—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often!—Upon which we entered into a conversation; and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family-dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time) doesn't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. O, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I think we squeezed rather a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady G. O! have a care of that.

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for it.

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why, when my good lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady G. Why, if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. O you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I dote upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then, I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits.—Dear, dear hazard!—O, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. O, never! I don't think it fits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why——

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well, and upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp and—swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is it not enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. O, yes; I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly, a thousand times; but then one is constantly drawn in again.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should

should not lead you so far into the world: you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do in a good degree incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child,) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose?

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. And you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. O, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in reading, in riding, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards—soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any; or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly: and, possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree?—ha! ha! ha!—But I beg, we may have the sober town scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one.

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady

Lady T. Well, though I am sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it.

Lady G. Why, then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I would first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first dutchess; though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it—

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why, the men say that's a great step to be made one.—Well, now you are dressed, pray, let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.—I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly; nay, play at quadrille—soberly. I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then go to an opera; but I would not expire there—for fear I should never go again. And, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade: and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, (not to say a word of devotion,) the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! deplorable!——Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life: now, I want—to enjoy it.

Four. to London.

III. LORD AND LADY RANDOLPH.

Scene—The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth

The

The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart !
 Farewell a while. I will not leave you long ;
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
 Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
 Oh Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,
 And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
 My lamentation ; hear'st thy wretched wife
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
 Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
 To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
 Oh, disregard me not ! Though I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Ld. Ran. Again these weeds of wo !—Say, dost thou
 well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life ?
 The living claim some duty : vainly thou
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

La. Ran. Silent alas ! is he for whom I mourn :
 Childless, without memorial of his name :
 He only now in my remembrance lives.
 This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
 Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

Ld. Ran. When was it pure of sadness ? These black
 weeds

Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
 For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
 Are pass'd since we were join'd by sacred ties :
 Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
 Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.

————— Would thou wert not

Compos'd

Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
But hadst a spark of other passions in thee;
Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
Of admiration, dear to women-kind:
These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

La. Ran. To such a cause the human mind oft owes
Its transient calm; a calm I envy not.

Ld. Ran. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir
Malcolm.

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

La. Ran. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers.
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost: my ancestors
Compell'd at last to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Ld. Ran. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for: but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land.
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

La. Ran. Thou dost not think so: woful as I am,
I love thy merit and esteem thy virtues.
But whether goest thou now?

Ld. Ran. Straight to the camp;
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed!

La. Ran. Oh, may adverse winds

Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet,
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Ld. Ran. Thou speak'st a woman's ; hear a warrior's
wish.

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand :
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

La. Ran. War I detest ; but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divide the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar
As twins are to each other ; vallant both ;
Both for their valour famous through the world :
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport ;
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Ld. Ran. I'll hear no more. This melody would
make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms ;
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made ;
Yea (like a monk) sing rest and peace in heaven
To souls of warriors in his battle slain.
Lady, farewell. I leave thee not alone :
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

Douglas.

V. NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

Glen. His port I love : he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.— [*Aside*
Has Norval seen the troops ?

Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale ;
And, as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd ; and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
An host angelic clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well : no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir : your martial
deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Nor-
val.

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour : seem not to command ;
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth :
And, though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes: if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speak the truth.

Norv. False as thou art; dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile: but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art: I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Douglas.

VI. SIR CHARLES AND LADY RACKET.

Lady R. O LA!—I'm quite fatigued—I can hardly move—Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There: take my arm.

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No. Dear me!—this glove!—why don't you help me off with my glove?—Pshaw! you awkward thing: let it alone: you an't fit to be about me.—Reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me.—I am so glad to sit down—Why do you drag me to routs?—you know I hate them.

Sir C. O! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour—I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir C. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—Not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir C. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah, you fond fool!—But I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury.—Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to night.—I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips.—And then, I was crammed up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind them?

Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange unaccountable woman Mrs Nightshade—She behaved so strangely to her husband—a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man.—But sh: so teized him—“How could you play that card!—Ah, you've

a head! and so has a pin—You're a numskull: you know you are.—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world: he does not know what he is about: you know you don't—Ah, fie! I'm ashamed of you!"

Sir C. She has served to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all—there was my Lady Clacket, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place.—In the very midst of the game she begins—"Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your Ladyship—my poor little dog, Pompey,—the sweetest thing in the world!—a spade led?—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—and so, Me'm, little Pompey—and if your Ladyship were to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—and so, Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsy—your Ladyship knows Captain Flimsy—nothing but rubbish in my hand!—I can't help it—and so, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion; but who can resist five at once?—and so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray, what's trumps?"

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now, let's go to rest—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir C. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon; I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir C. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lad

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles; the diamond^d was the play.

Sir C. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

Sir C. Madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir C. Death and fury! do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so—have it your own way.

Sir C. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you—I look ye here, my Lady Racket—'Tis the clearest case in the world: I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, Sir!—ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. I had four cards left—a trump had led—they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—then, you know the beauty of the play was to——

Lady R. Well, now, 'tis amazing to me, that you can't see it—Give me leave, Sir Charles—Your left hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finessed the club and roughed the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond——

Sir C. But, Madam, we played for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, Sir.

Sir C. Hear me, I say.—Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

Sir C. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic.—Very well, Madam!—You know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, Sir.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be as I please—I'll order my chariot this moment—[*Going.*] I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you—[*Going.*]—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, Madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Racket—[*She hums a tune.*]—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent.—Look ye, my Lady Racket—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir C. I have done with you for ever; and so you may tell your father. [Exit.

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman is in! ha, ha! I promise him I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter Sir Charles.

Sir C. My Lady Racket—look ye, Ma'm, once more, out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

Sir C. That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so—I have no objection.

Sir C. 'Tis the clearest point in the world—we were nine, and—

Lady R. And, for that very reason, you know the club was the best in the house.

Sir C. There's no such thing as talking to you.—You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever—You may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical ever-greens till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant.—[*Stops at the door.*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well!—I'll go to bed: will you come?—You had better—Poor Sir Charles!

[*Looks and laughs, then exit.*

Sir C. That ease is provoking. [*Crosses to the opposite door where she went out.*]—I tell you the diamond

was

was not the play; and here I take my final leave of you—[*Walks back as fast as he can.*] I am resolved upon it; and I know the club was not the best in the house.
Three weeks after marriage.

SECTION IV.

SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

I. NESTOR'S ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS, ON THEIR GOING TO BATTLE.

O FRIENDS! be men; your generous breasts inspire
 With mutual honour, and with mutual fire.
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share.
 Think of each living father's reverend head:
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead.
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
 They ask their safety and their fame from you.
 The gods their fates on this one action lay,
 And all are lost if you desert the day. *Homer.*

II. SPEECH OF ULYSSES, ON HIS LEAVING THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

O THOU, the first in merit and command!
 And you, the peers and princes of the land!
 May every joy be yours: nor this the least,
 Safe to his home to send your happy guest!

Complete

Complete are now the bounties you have given ;
 Be all these bounties lent confirm'd by Heaven !
 So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
 My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace !
 On you be every bliss ; and every day,
 In homefelt joys delighted, roll away :
 Yourself, your wives, your long-descending race,
 May every god enrich with every grace !
 Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
 And public evil never touch the land !

Homer.

III. PARTING SPEECH OF ANDROMACHE TO HECTOR.

Too daring prince ! ah ! Whither dost thou run ?
 Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be ?
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
 For, sure, such courage length of life denies ;
 And thou must fall, thy virtues sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
 Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
 Oh grant me gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heaven—an early tomb !
 So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share ;
 Oh ! prove a husband's and a parent's care.
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
 Let others in the field their arms employ ;
 But stay, my Hector here, and guard his Troy. *Homer.*

IV. HECTOR'S REPLY.

————— THAT post shall be my care ;
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
 ground,
 Attain the lustre of my former name,

Should

Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !
 My early youth was bred to warlike pains :
 My soul impels me to the martial plains.
 Still foremost let me stand, to guard the throne,
 To save my father's honours, and my own.—
 Yet come it will ; the day decreed by fates !
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
 The day, when thou, imperial Troy !—must bend,
 Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And, yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs desil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache !—Thy griefs I dread !
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
 In Argive looms our battles to design,
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry—" Behold the mighty Hector's wife !"
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !—
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay ;
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep. *Homer.*

V. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU, that rollest above, round as the shield of my
 fathers ! whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting
 light ?—Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty : the
 stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and
 pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest
 alone : who can be a companion of thy course ? The
 oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves
 decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ;
 the moon herself is lost in the heavens : but thou art for
 ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
 When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder
 rolls,

rolls, and lightening flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey. *Ossian.*

VI. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heaven soon granted what my fire deny'd.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. E'er a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers

To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps ;
 Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers ;
 And Heav'n directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Trag. of Douglas.

VII. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE HERMIT OF WHOM
 HE LEARNED THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trode,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him ; and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and pity. Mild he spake ;
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against the usurping infidel display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters :
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 'To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use,
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm ;
 For, all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Douglas.

VIII. SEMPRONIUS'S SPEECH FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate. The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, To battle:
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us. *Cato.*

IX. LUCIUS'S SPEECH FOR PEACE.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars; and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers!
The gods declare against us and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,

Arms

Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent. *Cato.*

IX. CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE
SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.—
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy,
But, when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.—

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence—smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Cato.*

XI. DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

SHE is the fancy's midwife : and she comes,
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman ;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep ;
 Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinner's legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moon-shine's watery beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And, in this state, she gallops, night by night,
 Through lover's brains ; and then, they dream of love :
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :
 And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck :
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats ;
 Of healths five fathom deep : and, then, anon,
 Drums in his ears ; at which he starts and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two—
 And sleeps again.

Shakespeare.

XII. SOLILOQUY OF HENRY V. ON ROYALTY.

O HARD condition, and twin-born with greatness !
 Subject to breath of every fool, whose sense
 No more can feel but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy ! and what have kings
 That privates have not too, save ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
 Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly, as the lowly clown,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with the coarsest bread.
 He, all day long, from rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and, at night,
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And (but for ceremony) even he,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king. *Shakespeare.*

XIII. HENRY V.'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
 AGINCOURT, ON THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND'S
 WISHING FOR MORE MEN FROM ENGLAND.

WHAT's he that wishes more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
 If we are marked to die, we are anow
 To do our country loss; and if we live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour.
 No, no, my Lord—wish not a man from England.
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
 That he who has no stomach to this fight,
 May straight depart : his passport shall be made ;
 And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company.—
 This day is called the feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe, when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
 And say—To-morrow is St. Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
 Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household-words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups, freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son :
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd.
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For, he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Shakespeare.

IV. SOLILOQUY OF DICK, THE APOTHECARY'S APPRENTICE, ON HIS SCHEME OF GOING UPON THE STAGE.

THUS far we run before the wind.—An apothecary !
 —make an apothecary of me !—What, cramp my genius
 over

over a pestle and mortar; or mew me up in a shop, with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No! no! It will be much better to be pasted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage.*

——My ambition fires at the thought.——But hold——mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt?—biffed—pelted—laughed at—not admitted into the Green-room!—that will never do——down, busy devil, down, down.—Try it again——Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes. “Dear colonel, isn't he a charming creature? My Lord, don't you like him of all things?——Makes love like an angel!——What an eye he has!——fine legs!——I shall certainly go to his benefit.”——Celestial sounds!——And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print shop—in the character of Macbeth! “This is a sorry sight.” (*Stands in an attitude.*) In the character of Richard, “Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.”—This will do rarely——And then I have a chance of getting well married——O glorious thought! I will enjoy it, though but in fancy.——But what's o'clock?—it must be almost nine. I'll away at once—this is club night—the spouters are all met—little think they I'm in town—they'll be surprised to see me—off I go; and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter——

Limbs do your office, and support me well;

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. *Murphy.*

XV. BRUTUS'S HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less

than his. If then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. —Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended. —I pause for a reply. —

None! Then none have I offended. —I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakespeare.

XVI. ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen,—lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. —
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. —

He

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him!
Oh judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me —
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Casca made—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !—
This, this was the unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
Which all the while ran blood)—great Cæsar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down ;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! what ! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ?—look you here !—
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—

Good friends ! sweet friends ! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Shakespeare.*

VIII. ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son—
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The god-like hero sat
 On his imperial throne.
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.—
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above ;
 Such is the power of mighty love.
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When

When he to fair Olympia prefs'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :
A present deity, they shout around ;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.'

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung ;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums.
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath—he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure :
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure ;
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.—

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n

Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood.
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.—
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;

Take the good the gods provide thee.—

The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So love was crown'd ; but music won the cause.—
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,—
 The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :
 Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.—
 Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound

Ha

Has rais'd up his head
 As awak'd from the dead ;
 And amaz'd he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries—
 See the furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !—
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd, remain
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !—
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :
 This led the way,
 To light him to his prey ;
 And, like another Helen—fir'd another Troy.
 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
 At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies
 She drew an angel down.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

